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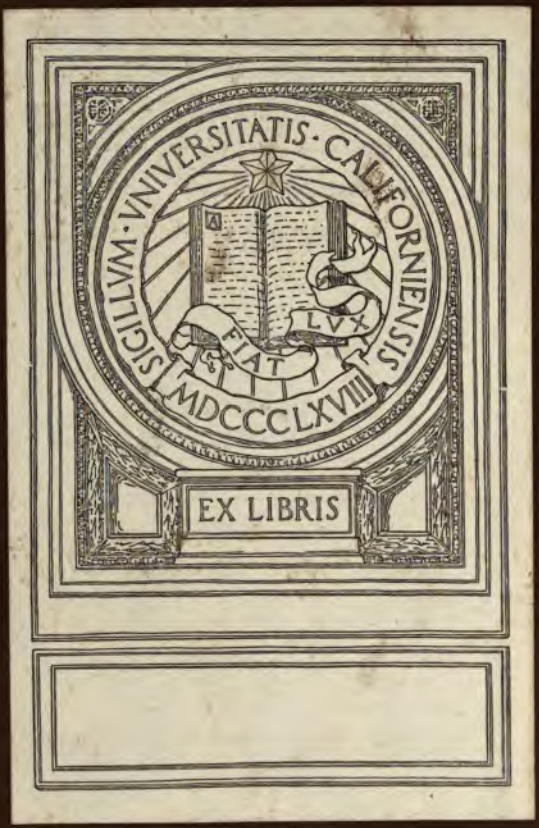
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JOURNAL OF ADVENTURES

WITH

THE BRITISH ARMY,

FROM

THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE WAR

TO THE TAKING OF SEBASTOPOL.

BY

GEORGE CAVENDISH TAYLOR,

LATE 95TH REGIMENT.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
SUCCESSORS TO HENRY COLBURN,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1856.

T3
v.1

PRINTED BY CHARLES BEVAN AND SON,
STREET'S BUILDINGS, CHAPEL STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE.

PREFACE.

THE following pages are very much the same as I jotted them down in a note-book from day to day, and often from hour to hour. I have added but little, while I have omitted much, and have endeavoured, as far as lay in my power, to correct whatever statements I have subsequently found to be erroneous. Still no doubt there are many inaccuracies which I have been unable to correct, or which my inexperience as an author has caused me to overlook; but I am conscious of having done all in my power to write nothing but what I believe to be true.

I have tried to write of things 'as they are,' and not as 'they are not.'

I cannot bring myself to distort facts, and 'make things pleasant' because I am told that it will please

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the public to do so, or that I shall lay myself open to unfavourable criticism if I do not. If I have said anything which may be offensive to any one, all I can now say is, that it is unintentional.

Some time must elapse before a real *history* of the war can be written. To whoever may undertake the task, all genuine notes made by those who saw the events they mention, cannot fail to be of service. Still the labour of selecting from such a mass of matter will be great.

I think my readers will give me credit for some experience in the subjects I write about, and for not having presumed to offer them accounts or opinions based on the shallow knowledge obtained by a few weeks' trip from England to the Crimea and back again. Neither has my information been derived from *commissionaires* and travelling servants—as necessarily must be the case with people who write about a country or town, after merely a few days' residence. I have been able to get information from gentlemen who know Turkey well, and whom I can believe.

I have frequently mentioned the general accuracy and graphic descriptions of Mr. Russell's letters. It would be absurd to maintain that all he has written is

correct; but knowing as I do, from actual experience, the extreme difficulty of obtaining really authentic information, I must say it is wonderful that in so great a mass of writings he should have written so little that can be disproved—especially when he had to depend so much upon others for information, for, in spite of his energy and diligence, it was impossible for him to see everything himself. I know that he has always rigidly adhered to what he believed at the time to be the truth.

Neither can I omit to speak in the highest terms of the 'Campaign of Sebastopol,' by Lieutenant-Colonel Hamley, Royal Artillery—a book which, in a few pages, gives a true and graphic account of the chief events of the campaign.

London, March, 1856.

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UNIV. OF
CALIFORNIA

MY JOURNAL.

CHAPTER I.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

On the 18th February, 1854, I was at Alexandria, on my return from Upper Egypt, waiting for a passage to Malta, when the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer, *Indus*, arrived with the mails, bringing intelligence that an English force of ten thousand men would be sent to Malta forthwith; and that their future destination would be Constantinople. The news, of course, created great

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excitement, and made me doubly eager to start.

The *Indus*, a ship of 1800 tons, arrived in harbour about ten a.m., and discharged her mails, cargo, and passengers. She was coaled, her cabins were cleaned, she received on board the homeward-bound mails and passengers, and a fresh cargo, and went to sea again in twenty-four hours!

I, with the rest of the passengers, proceeded on board in the evening, but the incessant stamping and screaming of the gangs of Arabs, employed in coaling, effectually prevented sleep. After a stormy passage of four days, we arrived at Malta, where I landed, with the intention of remaining for a time, to await the arrival of the troops, and watch the progress of events. The excitement in this usually dull island was great; and all the authorities were busily employed in providing accommodations for the regiments expected to arrive.

The first to make their appearance were the second battalion of the Coldstream Guards, who came out in the *Orinoco*, and reached Malta on the 4th of March. From that time

hardly a day elapsed without the arrival of one or more steamers laden with red coats.

Hotels were crammed, and the streets were full of soldiers and priests; the latter, distinguished by their enormous hats. The waiters and servants at the club in the Strada Reale, had an unusually busy time of it. To meet the requirements of the officers of the different regiments, who were unable to establish their own messes—having left their heavy baggage in England—it was arranged that there should be a table d'hôte daily at seven, which was always crowded, and the house was a constant scene of gaiety from roof to basement.

Circumstances compelled me to remain in Malta about three weeks. In my opinion, it is about the slowest place in Europe; nothing but the presence of the army and the society of numerous friends, made my stay there endurable. The only piece of excitement going on, was the carnival, when for three days the Maltese wandered about the streets in bad fancy dresses, cast-off naval and military uniforms, and all sorts of gaudy rubbish

that they could lay their hands on, and masks of the worst description, pelting one another with bon-bons, which the boys picked up and ate; this, however, is no proof of their being made of sugar. It was a puzzle to me to understand what fun these people could find in such folly.

As soon as I could make my arrangements to leave, I resolved to go on to Constantinople, and there await the arrival of the English force. I considered war to be inevitable; and determined, if possible, to witness whatever military operations might take place. Accordingly, on the 16th of March, I sailed in a screw steamer, one of the regular Cunard line, between Liverpool and Constantinople. I cannot say much for the comfort of the ship. Of my fellow-passengers, there were but four—one a Greek, another a Turk—and both had come from England. The Turk had, during the voyage, dispensed with the daily ablutions required by his religion; for the captain steadily asserted that he had not changed his clothes, nor washed, since he came on board, at Liverpool, fourteen days previously!

I do not dwell upon the incidents of the voyage; for the Greek Archipelago, and the Dardanelles, are now familiar to most people, either from actual experience, or the reports of their friends.

Early in the morning of the 21st, we sighted Constantinople, and, by eight o'clock a.m., anchored in the Golden Horn. The view of Constantinople, from the water, has often been described and praised by travellers; but, in my humble opinion, has never been done sufficient justice to. I have seen many *great sights*—some of the finest scenery in the world—and I must say, that the view of the 'City of the Sultan,' as seen from the deck of a steamer, rounding Seraglio Point, when the Golden Horn and the Bosphorus open out in their surpassing beauty, is the only view I ever beheld, of which every description falls short of the reality.

Directly the traveller lands, the illusion at once vanishes.

Albert Smith, in his 'Month at Constantinople,' has perfectly described it, by saying, 'That it is like going behind the scenes of a

great effect.' No one, even from the dirtiest towns of England or Ireland, has ever seen anything half so dirty as the lower streets of Galata, and Tophanné, and part of Stamboul, and along the water's edge. Dead rats, cats, and dogs lie about in a sea of mud and filth; and the newly-arrived traveller will be fortunate if he does not get ancle deep in a heap of slush, before he has gone fifty yards from the water.

If the reader wishes to know what Constantinople was before the war, let him turn to Mr. Albert Smith's graphic and faithful work.

I had no trouble with passport or custom-house. The first was not even asked for, and a shilling—given as 'backshish,' the first word a traveller learns in the East—made me free of the latter. I *climbed* the Hill of Pera, and established my quarters at Misserie's Hotel. At this time, the only representatives of the British army were some officers of engineers, who were employed in surveying, preparatory to the arrival of the troops. Sir John Burgoyne had gone up to Varna and Schumla, to see Omar Pasha, and was expected back in a few days.

The allied fleets were still at anchor in Beicos Bay; but were only waiting for a fair wind to leave for Baltschik; the want of this did not detain them long; and, on the 24th of March, they got clear of the Bosphorus.

I devoted the first week of my stay, in Pera, to seeing the Seraglio, St. Sophia, the principal mosques, and the other 'lions'. It was then necessary to have a firman, at the cost of seven or eight pounds; and it was usual for the visitors residing at the different hotels, to make up a party, and share the expense of the firman, including the *laquais de place*, and the 'backshish,' or customary present, to the attendants at the various places. On the occasion of my visit, although the party was large, the expenses of each person amounted to 110 piastres—about sixteen shillings.

A lady, who was among the visitors, was spit upon by some of the more bigoted of the Turks. This I mention, because a great change was about to take place in the outward behaviour of Turks towards us. *Now*, visitors may enter the mosques without the least fear of insult.

One Friday, I went to see the Sultan go to mosque. Besides myself, and three other Englishmen, there were no spectators near, and we could observe without the ordinary inconvenience of a crowd.

The road was lined with infantry, dressed in their great coats and red fez caps. The Sultan was preceded by a few led horses, and two or three mounted officers. He rode, and after him followed a small body-guard of infantry, and a band playing a polka.

He passed within a few feet; of course, we took off our hats, which he acknowledged by looking hard at us, slightly turning his head as he rode by. This, I heard, was—according to Turkish etiquette—great condescension on his part. He looked bored, pale, and careworn. A Yankee afterwards described him as being like a New York Jew, with the small-pox!—Never having seen a Trans-Atlantic Israelite, I cannot say whether the simile is a correct one.

The Sultan is having a new palace built on the European side of the Bosphorus, near to Tophanné, now, a well-known place; and

which I may mention for the benefit of the uninitiated, means — cannon foundry, being composed of two words—'top,' a cannon, and 'hanné,' a factory.

I easily obtained admission into this palace, by administering a small backshish, the surest way in the east, if not in the west also. It was in a very unfinished state; the great hall of audience, and the stair-cases, were most gorgeously decorated; but the work was not nearly so well got up and finished, as it would be done in England or on the Continent; and would not bear a close inspection. It is expected to cost as much money, as would defray the expense of the construction of a railway from Constantinople to Adrianople!

The market of Pera is very well supplied with game. I saw hanging in the shops, roe-deer, wild boar, hares, bustards, pheasants, red-legged partridges, woodcocks; and wild fowl of various kinds. The pheasants are abundant in the forest of Belgrade, and the wooded country in Asia.

Woodcocks are plentiful throughout the

winter, and snipes are to be found in every suitable locality.

Good shooting may easily be obtained by going some miles into the interior; so as to avoid the crowds of Greek 'cacciatori,' who infest the neighbourhood of Constantinople with their guns; especially on Sundays and holidays. The great drawback to this, is the miserable accommodation to be met with, and the absence of macadamized roads; for there is nothing in the neighbourhood of Constantinople deserving the name. All journeys are performed on horseback; and the tracks which serve as roads, are, in winter, full of holes and sludge, and impassable for any wheeled vehicle, except a bullock araba. An English dog-cart would soon be wrecked!

In summer, when the ground is hard and dry, the whole country may be traversed. Perhaps, the track most entitled to the honour of being called a road, is that between Pera and Therapia. It is partially macadamized, but soon after the rains have set it, becomes almost impassable.

Fish is also plentiful in the market; but

most of the sorts, exposed for sale, are very different to those we see in England; and I do not know their names.

Among them are mussels, oysters, craw-fish, lobsters, mullet, and sword-fish, mackerel, and turbot. The two latter are different from ours. The mackerel are much smaller; and the turbot are covered with prickly spines. Sword-fish are abundant in the Bosphorus, and are very good eating. The usual way of dressing them, is in thin slices, fried. I used to think that the fish—represented in Raphael's picture of the 'Miraculous Draught of Fishes'—owed their origin to the painter's imagination; but the first time I visited the fish markets in Pera, I saw and recognized the identical species, which used, most of all, to strike me as being unreal. It was, if I recollect right, of a light pink colour, with a very large head, and fins more of the size of wings than anything of the sort we are accustomed to see.

The table d'hôte, at Misserie's, was a great scene, from the variety of the society, and their various opinions. It was composed of

English and French officers and ex-officers, newspaper correspondents, English and American tourists, parsons, civil engineers, merchants, and a host of non-descripts, and Lord Carlisle occasionally appeared there. *Quot homines tot sententiæ*, was the motto of the company; and the Turkish question was the daily subject of discussion. At times, I used to think it fortunate that there was a table to separate the various arguers, but all used to end amicably. There was, however, one thing in which nearly all agreed—and that was in dislike and abuse of the Turks. People, newly arrived, generally had a Turcomania for a few days; but they soon got rid of it by actual experience.

The dogs *used* be one of the sights of Constantinople, but the war has considerably thinned their numbers. While our fleet was in the Bosphorus, the midshipmen used to go about the streets of the Frank quarter, at night, with lanterns and big sticks, and murder the dogs they found lying in the streets. The next day, you might see the live dogs eating the dead ones! The inhabi-

tants rather cherish them, and nothing is more common than to see a piece of blanket or cloth put out for a litter of puppies to lie upon. I cannot vouch for the fact, but I *have* heard it insinuated that canine milk is often sold, in Pera and Galata, as being the milk of cows and goats! The dogs congregate in packs, sometimes as many as forty or fifty, and lie about in the cemeteries, and on the heaps of refuse, on the outskirts of the town. They watch for any one bringing a basket of rubbish, and crowd round him to see whether there is anything eatable therein.

The Turks encourage them as scavengers; no doubt they do some good that way; but they are a mere excuse for idleness. The sooner the dogs are all killed, the sooner the Turks and natives will have to adopt clean habits, and become scavengers themselves.

One of the first things which the visitor to Constantinople will observe, are the numerous shoals of porpoises, in the Bosphorus and the Sea of Marmora.

I used to envy them, as passing the happiest lives of any beings I knew. They had no

cares—no fear of the future; nothing to do but feed and amuse themselves; and no one molested them. Still, even they have suffered by the war: for they afforded fine objects for officers and others to practise at with their revolvers.

Soon after my arrival in Pera, a friend of mine—an officer of the medical staff—came out from England, having been ordered to make a tour in European Turkey, for the purpose of inspecting and reporting as to whether it would be healthy or unhealthy for our troops. His route lay through Adrianople, thence to Enos, and back to Constantinople. He invited me to accompany him. I was very anxious to do so; but being, at the time, unable to leave, was obliged to abandon the idea, which I have always since regretted.

I, however, gained much information from experienced friends, as to the requirements for such an expedition, the great thing being *not* to try how many comforts one can take, in travelling in this country; but, rather, how many we can manage to dispense with; and, as all baggage must be carried on horseback,

it is an additional reason for making it as light and portable as possible. All, I conceive to be really requisite, are—a good saddle and bridle, English, if possible, (if you value your comfort, by all means avoid a Turkish saddle,) a pair of long boots, and a pair of good spurs, a knife, fork, and spoon, a small kettle, plate, and drinking-cup, towels, and a Turkish quilt to sleep upon, a thick coat, in winter, an India rubber over-coat, and a pair of Russia leather saddle-bags, to contain these or any other articles the traveller may fancy. He may, generally, contrive to be billetted upon a Greek priest, in most of the towns, where he would fare much better than in a Turkish khan; in which, if it were possible to get a bed, it would be so dirty, that the ground would be preferable to lie upon.

It did not require a long residence in Constantinople to doubly convince me, and all thinking people, that any pacific settlement with Russia was out of the question. Some newspapers and new-comers used to tell us, that all would be arranged without firing a shot; and that sending the ten thousand men to Malta

was merely a demonstration, for the purpose of intimidating the Czar, and showing him that England was in earnest.

Knowing what I did, I was astonished that England should have been so backward in her preparations; and it is even *now* the more surprising to me, for at that very time the existing Government were in possession of Sir Hamilton Seymour's letters, relating his conversation with the Czar respecting Turkey.

These letters *plainly* showed that he was determined in his aggressions on the Sultan, and would allow no trifles to hinder him in the accomplishment of his object. He never believed in the possibility of an Anglo-French alliance, nor even that peace-loving England would go to war for the sake of Turks; and the dilatoriness of our government, of course, confirmed him in his opinions.

What would he care for the ten thousand men, at Malta, which we made so much fuss about? Were they likely to deter him from his long cherished project?

In England, they talked big about thrashing the Russians in a few months, and compelling

them to pay the expenses of the war! thinking that everything was to be done by the fleet and a few battalions of Guards, assisted by some thousands of line and artillery. I do not claim to be a prophet, as it is dangerous; for whenever one's predictions prove incorrect, they are sure to be brought up in judgment against one, even at a distant period. Still, I not only saw their errors at the time, but I also wrote them down. I wrote in my journal at that date:—"I do not anticipate that much can be done by our fleet, in the Black Sea, except blockading the coast, and conveying troops. The capture and destruction of Sebastopol or Odessa is out of the question, without the co-operation of a large land force, which we have not yet got; and, if we had, the chances of success are very remote, except at an enormous sacrifice of men and ships."

It was plain that we should find out our mistake when too late; that the business was a complicated one, and that the English people had no idea of the magnitude of the struggle in which they were about to engage, and, to ensure success, that England would have

to send out a larger army than she ever before employed.

And, then, we used to hear such nonsense about our dignified and noble allies, the Turks, and the importance of preserving the Ottoman empire. What we have been fighting for, is not to keep the Turks *in* Constantinople, so much as to keep the Russians *out*. Then we were told that the Turks were a highly progressive race; and that no country had improved so much of late years as Turkey—when those who know the country could affirm that all improvements have been carried out by the Franks, and that the Turks cannot improve, in one sense of the term: their religion is against it. Lord Stratford himself said, to a friend of mine, that nothing could be done with the Turks by fair means, and that everything he had got them to do, in the way of reform and improvement, had been forced upon them by compulsion, the only argument they would listen to; even going so far as to say, that the first step to improvement would be to shoot all the pashas, who were corrupt and peculating, almost to a man.

CHAPTER II.

ARRIVAL OF THE TROOPS.

On the first of April we heard that General Canrobert had arrived at Gallipoli, with about seven hundred French troops. A few days after, Sir George Brown arrived there in the *Golden Fleece*, with the Rifles, and some Sappers. The French, very properly, were not long in making themselves *felt* by the Turks. It was said, that wanting a suitable place for hospital, they took possession of the college of Dervishes for the purpose; and that, as the contracts for supplying wood to the troops, were not fulfilled, Canrobert threat-

ened if it did not speedily arrive, to pull down the houses and use them as firewood.

At this time, the commissariat staff had arrived at Constantinople, as well as a number of medical officers; these, together with the engineer officers, who, had been there from the first, were long left without any head, power, or instructions as to what steps they were to take. For the reception of the troops soon to arrive, some competent general should have been out there, at least two months before, so as to give him time to become acquainted with the locality, the country, and the people he had to deal with; and with full power and authority to make every requisite provision for the reception of our army.

As it was, one cold, snowy morning, the fourteenth of April, being Good Friday, a large steamer was unexpectedly seen to enter the Bosphorus, no one knew what she was, or where from; but her decks were covered with wondering soldiers, for which no barrack accommodation or commissariat arrangements had yet been made. It was the *Himalaya*,

with General Adams and staff; and the 33rd and 41st regiments on board. When the General sent on shore to know where he was to go, or what to do, some time elapsed before any responsible person could be found. The large barracks at Scutari, had been assigned to us by the Turks, but they were still full of Turkish soldiers; and, of course, abominably dirty.

Had the barracks been ready, the weather was too severe for the troops to land there; so they remained on board until the next day, when the *Himalaya* went alongside the Scutari shore, and the men disembarked. Very few natives came to see them. One would have thought that the first appearance of foreign troops in their country, would even have attracted the curiosity of the apathetic Turks.

The day following — the *Cambria* and *Indus* arrived, with the 49th and 77th regiments. From the absence of definite instructions, which should have been given at Gallipoli, they went on to Beicos Bay, where they remained for a couple of days.

By this time, a considerable force both of

French and English troops was collected at Gallipoli; and the intelligence from there, was to the effect that the two armies were on the most friendly terms; and, that Sir George Brown had commenced his eastern career, exactly in that peculiar style by which he was distinguished, and disliked at the Horse Guards.

By every letter received from Schumla and the Danube, there were fresh accounts of the excesses and atrocities committed by the Bashi Bozouks.

At Tirnova—not long since—some of them violated four women, and then cut off their breasts, that they might not suckle Giaours! They plundered their own people, and, at the same time, were of little or no use as soldiers—for they could not be brought to face the 'Moscov,' as the Russians are called by the Turks. Omar Pasha was said to have hung some of them, but without having much effect upon the others.

On the 23rd of April, Sir De Lacy Evans arrived in the *City of London;* and, on the 24th, came the *Medway,* bringing, from Portsmouth, my old regiment, the 95th—whose

arrival I had long been expecting and wishing for. I was right glad to see the familiar faces of so many old friends. They disembarked, and encamped near the barracks.

On the 27th, the Grenadier and Fusilier Guards arrived. That day, nine regiments already disembarked, were reviewed under the command of Sir De Lacy Evans, for the inspection of Lord Stratford and the Seraskier Riza Pasha. After a few movements, they marched past in quick time. They all looked splendid, and marched really like men coming conquering and to conquer. Victory was in their stride—no equal number of continental troops could have defeated them. They were by far the finest show, as soldiers, the Seraskier ever saw; but he, apparently, was unable to appreciate their magnificent and soldier-like bearing.

The same day, the *Terrible* arrived from Odessa—bringing intelligence of the bombardment of the arsenal and fortifications, by the allied squadron of fourteen steamers, on the 22nd; our loss having been trifling—some fifteen killed and wounded.

The *Terrible* had been struck by about a dozen shots. One of the officers told me, that the shells were thrown into the Russian forts, at the rate of about eleven a-minute—from eight and ten-inch guns, at a range of from 1,200 to 2,000 yards.

Lord Raglan arrived on the 29th, in the *Emeu*, from Malta, and, for a few days, took up his quarters at the British Embassy; but soon removed to a house prepared for him, near Kadikoi, and about a mile from Scutari barracks.

'Shaves,' respecting the war on the Danube, were plentiful. In the morning, one would hear that 90,000 Russians had crossed the Danube; in the afternoon, the report would be—that they had been beaten by the Turks, and driven back again—and that the Turks themselves had crossed. Very little correct information was to be got.

On the 10th of May, the Duke of Cambridge arrived in the *Caradoc*, and was lodged in a kiosk prepared for him by the Sultan. He did not, however, stay there long—but moved to quarters nearer his division. Officers

were busy buying baggage-horses, pack-saddles, saddle-bags, and other requisites for campaigning. It was a fine thing for the trade of the place, and put plenty of money into the pockets of the natives.

Soldiers, in numbers, wandered through the bazaars and streets of Stamboul, and the Turks showed no signs of astonishment whatever, even at the Highlanders. The great red-faced Guardsmen walked about as if in the streets of London. They must have greatly missed their accustomed porter, for which raki and Greek wine were but a poor substitute. One day, I walked close behind a large fatigue party, for nearly a mile, and their conversation was of nothing else.

The Guards adhered to their custom of keeping people out of their camp, or cantonment, as if everyone was a thief and a robber. It was almost impossible to visit any one of their officers, without being escorted in from the Quarter Guard by a stout private. No such difficulties existed in the camps of the regiments of the line.

A great lounge for the officers, was to go on

Friday to the 'sweet waters of Europe,' so called, being a valley, through which a river runs and falls into the upper part of the Golden Horn; the term 'sweet' meaning fresh waters. There, if the weather is fine, the Turkish women congregate in numbers—walk about, or sit on the grass, or in their arabas. At first, they stared at the English and French officers, who, nothing loth, stared at them in return; and the ladies soon got used to it, and evidently were pleased with the admiration they deservedly excited—for many are really very pretty. I have heard some people deny the fact, and say that it is the effect of the veil, which conceals imperfections. No doubt the veil greatly enhances their attractions, by half-disclosing what it is supposed to hide; but of their beauty I have no doubt, having seen many thousands, and, occasionally, some of them unveiled.

In England I have often been asked how I could see them when they were veiled. Their veils are generally of the finest gauze, and do not conceal the features nearly so much as the veil of an English lady's bonnet; and, although

Mahometans, they are still daughters of Eve; and, when no Turks are at hand to watch them, the pretty ones frequently give the Giaour a glimpse of their faces, by letting the veil drop as if by accident. Their dresses are of the brightest colours, and the effect of such a variety of tints—either in the open air or in a mosque—is most beautiful. They all wear, when out, yellow morocco boots, in which they shuffle along in a most ungraceful manner. It is a constant practice with them to paint their eyebrows with kohl, so as to unite them in one arch over the forehead. The habit of putting henna on their finger nails, is horribly ugly; but it is not practised much, except by the lower classes.

It is certainly a strange mixture of fashion, when one sees Turkish women, dressed in the Eastern style, wearing pantaloons and veiled, holding Parisian parasols over their heads!

The wives of the pashas are generally attended by one or more black eunuchs, armed with swords, who are both their guardians and footmen. At first they used to try to prevent the officers approaching too close to gaze at

their fair charges, but all their endeavours were useless, and they were compelled to acquiesce in the new arrangement.

The Sultan's women were frequently there, and it was easier to get close to look at them than at any of the others. The one whom I conclude was the chief favourite, was in a carriage drawn by four fat, clumsy horses—a very inferior article for one in her position. All the equipages were very dingy affairs—some like a bad style of brougham, but the generality were arabas, either drawn by horses or oxen.

By the 18th of May, a considerable force was assembled at Scutari, principally infantry. A few transports had arrived with cavalry, and the artillery were gradually appearing; still it was plain some time must yet elapse before the army was in anything like a fit condition to take the field. I had been some months absent from England, and was anxious to return, even for a short period. I judged that no time would be so good as the present, and that I might be back again before any meeting had taken place between the Allies

and the Russians. I was most unwilling to miss the chance of seeing the commencement of hostilities, and would have put myself to great inconvenience rather than fail in my object.

I had only left the army some eighteen months previously, and during that time had held a commission in the militia, with which I had done duty. Always having had a love for a military life, and being a soldier in spirit and by profession, I was most desirous to obtain some employment in connection with the army. I foresaw that, sooner or later, irregular corps must be set on foot; accordingly, as soon as possible after Lord Raglan's arrival, I made application for employment whenever an opportunity offered.

The answer I received was *evasive*, and although not a refusal, was still far from encouraging—at least for the present. A hint from one of his staff confirmed me in my opinion, that there was no immediate prospect of employment, that the army would not take the field for some time, and that I might safely go home, without any risk of missing

what I so much desired to see. Accordingly, I made my arrangements for going to England at once, having been two months in Constantinople.

Before leaving, I went to take leave of my numerous friends in my old regiment—many of whom I was never to see again.

I left Constantinople on the 20th of May, in the French mail steamer, for England. General Baraguay d'Hilliers was also on board; having been recalled from his post of ambassador in Turkey. A passage of seven days, including twenty-four hours' stoppage at Gallipoli, Athens, and Messina, brought us to Marseilles; and, in about four days more, I arrived in London.

I was very much surprised that the state of affairs in Turkey should have created so little interest among the English public. To me, the general impression appeared to be, that all would be settled without coming to blows. It was useless to argue against this. Few would reconcile to themselves the idea that war in its worst forms was not only inevitable, but close at hand; and the raising of the Siege of Sil-

istria, only strengthened them in the contrary opinion. I always maintained that Austria would never take up arms against Russia; but hardly any person I talked to, would agree with me.

I remained two months in England, much longer than I had at first intended; as there appeared no immediate prospect of our army assuming the offensive. I went up to Stockholm and the Baltic, previous to returning to the east; and only got back a few days before the intelligence of the battle of Alma arrived. I felt disgusted at not having been present, and the false report of the fall of Sebastopol only vexed me the more, that I should have been so thrown out; however, I resolved to make up for lost time, if possible, and start immediately for the seat of war.

CHAPTER III.

TO THE CRIMEA.

On the 4th of October I left London for Constantinople *viâ* Trieste. Forty-four hours' travelling brought me to Dresden—a day's halt there, and twenty more hours to Vienna, where I staid for three days, having that time to spare. The passport system is a positive nuisance in Austria. When entering the country, the passports are examined at every town of consequence; and travelling by night trains, one is constantly woke up by a surly police agent, who shakes the passenger from a sound sleep, growling at the same time in his

ear the soon well-known words, "*Reise pass.*" The system is altogether absurd, and only calculated to annoy quiet travellers. Improper persons, and those suspected, always manage to have their passports in perfect order, and pass to and fro undetected. I really believe it is kept up in its present severity solely to provide occupation for the numerous officials, who, if it were abandoned, would be thrown out of employment.

The fact that my passport was stolen from the pocket of the commissionaire of the hotel at which I was staying, while he was standing in the police-office, is rather a comment upon the efficiency and ability of the Vienna police! I found afterwards that there are people who make a regular trade of stealing passports, and selling them to those who are in want of *good papers.* On making my loss known to the police, their excitement was considerable, lest some one should get hold of it, and go about under my name. At the Embassy, too, when I went to apply for a fresh one, they tried to console me by saying, the police would do all in their power to prevent any

other person using it. I much regretted the loss, as it had been in my possession for some time, and was full of *visas*, in about a dozen different languages—quite a record of my travels; but as there was no chance of my ever seeing it again, I did not care what became of it, and the more trouble it gave the police, the better I should have been pleased.

There was a great contrast at the *douane* between my arrival at Vienna this time and when I was last there, in 1849. On that occasion I was treated with incivility, and all my baggage turned out for inspection. Now, however, they passed it almost without examination, which was a great relief to me, for there was a gun and a revolver among my clothes, which I fully expected would have been seized, and only returned to me after much trouble.

I hope I may not be thought tedious if I here allude to the pronunciation of the well-known word, 'Sebastopol.' The Germans and the Russians too—for I have since frequently heard them—always pronounce it with the accent on the penultimate, and no doubt they

are right, for the latter certainly ought to know how to pronounce the name of what was their own city. We, on the contrary, call it Sebastopôll, Sebastopole—and many, no doubt thinking of Liverpool, go so far as to say Sebastopool. If it is correct to say Constantinople, Adrianople, it surely is right to say Sebastōpol; for the derivations of the three are obviously the same, and the difference of spelling arises from the difference of language.

By an express train, I went to Trieste in twenty-four hours. The line over the Sœmmering Alp — between Gloggnitz and Murzzuschlag — is the most extraordinary piece of railway I ever saw; the inclines and curves are tremendous—the latter wind round the mountains, and along the edge of abrupt precipices of great elevation; and the scenery is most beautiful—particularly where the railway runs through narrow defiles—with perpendicular cliffs on either side. I arrived in Trieste the morning of the 13th. It is a dull place, and I was glad to leave the same evening, in the Austrian Lloyd's steamer, *Italia*, for Constantinople. At daylight on the 16th,

we anchored at Corfu, to remain some hours. I went on shore, and breakfasted with some old friends at the barracks—from whom I learnt some particulars of the Battle of Alma, and how severely my old regiment had suffered. Of officers alone, six had been killed, and twelve wounded.

The steamer stopped for a short time at Zante, and then coasted round the Morea to the Pirœus, being frequently close in shore—especially near Navarino, of which I had a good view. The mainland of Greece appears to be nothing but bare hills. Some of the small islands, off the south of the Morea, are covered with brushwood.

At the Pirœus the steamer remained some hours. I went up to Athens, which is about four miles distant—the road level, and very dusty, and the country ugly. The Areopagus is merely an elevated rock, with some steps hewn out, leading up to it. The ancient Athenians must have selected a most barren, rocky spot for the site of their city. Of course, the Acropolis is splendid; but all the antiquities may—in tourists' phraseology—'be done'

in a very few hours, by any one who is not an enthusiastic antiquarian.

Modern Athens is a dirty, stinking, mean-looking, ill-built place, without a moderately good street in it. The chief features in the town, are a lot of thin-waisted, conceited-looking Greeks, strutting about in national costume.

The 97th regiment, and two or three battalions of French marine infantry, were at that time stationed at the Pirœus. They had lost many men during the prevailing cholera —when Athens was in quarantine—and no steamers would take passengers from thence.

Here, half the quarter-deck was boarded and partitioned off, for Greek and Turkish passengers, who live there like pigs in a pen; the women being in the after part of the vessel.

Next day, there was a delay of several hours at Syra, a town built up the side of a mountain, and hot, dirty, and stupid—like all Eastern towns. If the traveller has any pre-conceived notions of Eastern magnificence, experience very soon banishes them.

There was another long stoppage at Smyrna. From the water, the town appears to great advantage, but *inside* it is like every other Turkish town; and this sufficiently describes it. I went to see, among other things, the packing of figs for exportation, and the sight was not calculated to induce me to eat them.

Crowds of deck passengers came on board here, bringing boxes and bundles with them, and filled up the whole vacant space on the quarter-deck, so that there was hardly room to move. The screeching of the Greeks was dreadful. I am certain that a Greek says more, and makes more noise, in ten minutes, than an Englishman does in a day. A more uncomfortable ship I was never in, and if I had the power of choice, would avoid an Austrian steamer. The ship creaked incessantly, and the noise was deafening. What with that, the rolling, and chattering, I had hardly an hour's quiet between Trieste and Constantinople. The ship was dirty; the cabin-passengers were dirty; the attendants were dirty and bad; and the whole concern was an abomination.

I have been on board a steamer with eight hundred pigs, stinking and squealing; but that was elysium compared to being shipmate with these dirty Greeks, Turks, Jews, and Levantines. There appeared to be no limit to the numbers the agent was allowed to cram on board; and there was not the least regard for the comfort of the chief cabin-passengers, who might have been just as well off in the second cabin.

In the evening we started, and, when night came on, the noise gradually ceased, as the numerous never-washed rolled themselves into bundles of blankets and carpets, and slept.

Before leaving, a talkative passenger came on board, with endless stories about Sebastopol; how Eupatoria had been re-taken by the Russians; how the Highlanders had been annihilated; and a host of what I knew to be fables. I at once set him down for—and, if I was wrong, he ought to have been—the editor of that highly veracious specimen of Perote journalism—the *Journal de Constantinople.*

On the morning of the 22nd, the anchor

was let go in the Golden Horn. I had been nine days on board the *Italia*, and was delighted to leave her, hoping I might never again have to make a passage on board so uncomfortable a ship.

I went up to my old quarters, at Misserie's, where I heard of the opening of the batteries, and the attack upon the sea-forts of Sebastopol by the allied fleet, on the 17th.

I lost no time in crossing over to Scutari, and visiting the barracks—lately converted into a hospital—and where some of my most intimate friends lay wounded. Some had lost arms, others had lost legs, and all were more or less seriously hurt. It was my first insight into the *reality* of war. My visit afforded them an opportunity to fight the battle of Alma over again, and all related to me their individual experiences and feelings on the occasion.

CHAPTER IV.

BALAKLAVA AND THE BATTLE.

I WAS most desirous to get on to the Crimea, with as little delay as possible. The *Danube*, a small steamer, built for running on that river, and purchased into our service, was going up with the mails; and Lieutenant Cator, R.N., the commander, was kind enough to offer me a passage, which I gladly accepted —and I now beg to thank him for it. There was not much time to get ready—but, as I resolved only to take with me as much baggage as I could myself carry, in case of necessity, it did not much matter. I put a few

small necessaries into a small carpet bag—and this, together with a plaid, an India-rubber coat, and a sheet of the same material, formed the whole of my kit—except a revolver.

In the afternoon of the 23rd, we left the Golden Horn; and, after waiting some time at Therapia, for Lord Stratford's despatches—which, as usual, were not ready—we entered the Black Sea.

I shall now generally adopt the form of a journal, in which my notes were kept. It will, however, be occasionally advisable to revert to the style of a narrative.

October 25th.—Early in the morning, the high cliffs near Balaklava were indistinctly seen; but, as it was not daylight, the flashes of the guns were plainly visible, although very distant. As soon as it became light, we could see a very thick smoke, arising from the batteries—as we then supposed; but, no doubt, a great part of it was caused by the Russian field batteries, in the plain near Balaklava—for, as it afterwards appeared, the battle began about that time.

Passed Cape Chersonese, and on to the fleet, lying off the Katcha River. On passing Sebastopol, I could see up the whole length of the harbour, and the Russian ships inside. Fort Constantine had apparently been considerably damaged by the fire of our ships. The outside was covered with scaffolding, and the Russians were repairing the embrasures.

Through a telescope one could plainly see the whole face of the stone-work crumbled, and, as it were, 'pock-marked' by shot. The fire from the batteries, on both sides, was incessant.

Arrived at the Katcha about ten a.m., and was trans-shipped, with the mails and parcels, to another steamer, going to Balaklava with ammunition. She did not start for some hours, so I was unable to see the finish of the battle, for which I should have been in time, if there had been no delay.

It was late when she arrived off the entrance of the harbour. Then we first heard of the battle, and our Light Cavalry disaster. All on shore were in great consternation, lest the Russians should renew the attack. As it

was, the harbour was ordered to be cleared of shipping; so the *Niger*—the steamer I was in—anchored outside for the night, and I thankfully accepted the invitation of the captain to remain on board.

26*th*.—At eight o'clock, a.m., I landed, and started for the camp. Seeing a string of mule carts going to the front with ammunition, I availed myself of the opportunity of getting my baggage conveyed up, myself accompanying them. Not knowing the way, I left all to the mule drivers. The *direct* road was by the telegraph station, on the Woronzoff road, right across the field of yesterday's fight, but was no longer safe, in consequence of the Russian outposts having been advanced to some of the redoubts taken from the Turks. The Maltese drivers, either careless or ignorant of this, started off across the plain, too much to the right of the direct road, and in a good line for the Russian videttes. Luckily, before they had gone far, they were stopped by an aide-de-camp, sent after them, in haste, by General Canrobert, who saw the mistake in time.

It would not have been pleasant for me to have become a prisoner in so stupid a manner, and at so early a period of my Crimean adventures. The road by which the muleteers were directed to go to camp, was by the Col de Balaklava, and we got there without further incident.

Before turning back, I had gone some way on to the field of battle, near where the charge of the heavy cavalry took place. Dead horses were lying about, and men—a few English, and more Russians—swelling and blistering in the sun. The sight was new to me—I had never seen a dead man before—I felt a sickening sensation, and avoided looking at the corpses; but I got over that weakness, before many hours had elapsed.

I was bound for the Second Division, the most distant of all, being on the right of the whole line, on the heights overlooking Inkerman and the valley of the Tchernaya, and, I should say, full seven miles from Balaklava, by the circuitous route. The day being hot, I took my time going, and, on arrival, had not long to wait until my desire to see a battle was

gratified. Hardly had I been there ten minutes, and was shaking hands on all sides with my friends, when an order was given for the division to be ready to turn out, as a strong force of Russians had been observed to leave the town and advance towards the right of our position. Shortly afterwards, the musketry was heard in the direction of the pickets on the 'Knoll,' or 'Shell Hill,' as it was called, and the Division got under arms.

This was about half-past one o'clock. The Russians had made, what was since ascertained to have been, a powerful reconnaissance, no doubt with the intention of ascertaining what force we could show at that point, and how far it was possible for them to bring up guns unobserved. There is an eminence on the ridge above the Second Division, from which a commanding view of the town and batteries is obtained. It is a favourite place for officers to collect at, to look through telescopes and discuss the events of the siege. Shortly before our pickets on Shell Hill were attacked, a knot of officers was, as usual, at the accustomed spot. One of them, happening to

look towards the ridge called Cossack Hill, some twelve hundred yards distant, saw some green guns ascending it, and directed the attention of the others to them. As the Russian gun-carriages are painted *pea-green*, the mention of the *colour* alone was sufficient to betray them as belonging to the enemy, and all hastened down from so exposed a spot.

Soon after, the round shot came rushing overhead into the camp; the musketry from the pickets was loud and incessant, and the action commenced in earnest. The pickets, under Major Champion, of the 95th, behaved admirably, and checked the advance of the Russians, until our artillery opened upon them from the top of the ridge above the camp. I saw three large columns of infantry cross the opposite ridge at Shell Hill, perhaps ten or twelve hundred yards distant, where our advanced pickets had been posted. As soon as our gunners got the range, they sent shot, shell, and rockets right into them. They dispersed, and retired again behind the ridge, back again to the town, pursued by the Second

Division, who had been lying down in rear of the guns, almost down to Careening Bay.

The Second Division was the only one engaged, except a small party of the Light Division, to whose services I shall presently allude. The Guards were in reserve, and other Divisions were advancing; but the Russians retired before they could come up. The action lasted, perhaps, two hours; upwards of eighty prisoners were taken, and, about one hundred and twenty Russians were left dead on the ground; and were buried the next day. The enemy carried off the greater part of the killed and wounded from the position they occupied. The proportion of wounded to killed is, I believe, about four to one; from which we may estimate their loss on the occasion, from five-hundred to six-hundred men. Two officers were taken; one, a very tall, handsome man, was interrogated in German, by the Duke of Cambridge, in the camp of the Second Division. It was said that one of the two was the officer of the picket which took Lord Dunkellin prisoner, a few nights previously. Our loss was twelve killed,

and seventy-one, including five officers wounded. It was a very brilliant little affair, and reflects great credit on the Second Division, and on Sir De Lacy Evans, who commanded them. The Russian officers and men were dressed nearly alike, in long grey coats, and high cloth caps with a red band. Their coats are so similar in colour to the high brushwood, which grows abundantly about the position, that, unless in large bodies, they are almost invisible, at a distance; and, when dead, are most difficult to find.

The dead were lying in pools of blood, their faces and hands like wax; most of them had been killed by our Minié rifles. Our heavy conical balls cause frightful wounds; whenever they touch limb, they smash the bone! Each soldier had with him a large piece of rye-bread, sour, black, and half-baked. Their firelocks were old, bearing date, 1834; and had been converted from flint to percussion.

A very few minutes' experience sufficed to overcome the horror I felt in the morning, on passing the field of Balaklava. I was on the ground from first to last. The engagement

had more the appearance of a review, than a real fight. The day was fine, there was not too much smoke, and I could see the whole perfectly.

The division returned to camp in high spirits; the battle had been a short one, and the Russians had been well beaten, with small loss to ourselves.

Sir Thomas Troubridge was in command of the guard in the five-gun battery, on the left bank of the large ravine running down to Careening Bay. It consisted of a company of the Rifle Brigade, and three companies of the 7th Fusiliers; one of which occupied some caves in the ravine below, where the powder for the service of the battery was kept. When the Russian skirmishers, supported by strong battalions, advanced up the heights on the opposite side of the ravine, Troubridge called in the company from the caves, fearing lest the enemy should cross, and attack him in flank and rear. He ordered Captain Markham to take the Rifles to the magazine caves, and endeavour to stop them from coming up or crossing the ravine.

They were, however, too late; every stone and bush concealed a sharpshooter, and some of them had got into the caves, and were eating the rations left there by the company of the 7th. There was a sharp action for a time; the Russians in the caves, and the Rifles outside, were dodging and bobbing their heads, so as to shoot without being shot themselves. At last, the enemy were driven out, and seven killed; two of them by Captain Markham, with a revolver. The Rifles then soon sent them back across the ravine; and afterwards made good practice at a Russian battalion which had advanced and taken possession of the white house in the ravine; which had been abandoned by a picket of the Light Division, at the commencement of the attack.

The five-gun battery commands the head of Careening Bay, which the Russians had to pass, to re-enter the town. As their columns crossed the ravine at this spot, they suffered severely from the fire of the Lancaster gun, directed upon them by Lieutenant Hewett, of the *Beagle*; who was there in command of a party of the Naval Brigade.

CHAPTER V.

CAMP LIFE.

October 27th.—LAST night there were two alarms, and the troops were turned out. Our men are greatly over-worked. What with out-lying pickets, and working-parties in the trenches they have seldom two nights together in their tents. Indeed, they never have a clear night's rest undisturbed; for it is the custom of the British army, when before the enemy, to get under arms an hour before daylight, the time when attacks are usually made, and so remain until daybreak; when, if all is quiet, the men are dismissed. Besides this, there

are constant alarms—frequently two or three the same night, from musketry being heard in some direction or other, when the word is given to 'Turn out,' or, 'Stand to your arms;' so that their repose is always broken. The arms are always kept piled in front of the tents.

There is little firing from the trenches, or from the town, after dark. Sometimes, a shell from a mortar—like a shooting star—goes spinning through the air. The firing begins at daylight, and is very sharp for a time—slackens towards mid-day—and, just before sunset, again becomes brisk.

To-day, I rode into Balaklava, to forage. I could get no better saddle than the wooden framework of one, without any padding whatever. It had been taken from a Russian dragoon's horse, on the 25th; and I do not wish any greater evil to my worst enemy, than to have to ride twenty miles upon it, mounted on a rough-going pony. I returned with a load of ham, cheese, beer, brandy, pickles, &c., as provision for the mess I had joined, in addition to their rations. The liquids gave

me great trouble, for the risk of breaking the bottles was great—and I had no other way of carrying them, than in the pockets of my shooting coat. On my way there, I visited the cavalry camp. The evidences of their loss on the 25th are manifest.

The transports have been cleared out of the harbour, and are anchored outside. The *Sanspareil* had been brought in and moored there.

I hear that, in consequence of the Russian attack on the 25th, it is in contemplation to abandon Balaklava; and every one there is in a state of uncertainty, not knowing how to carry on his work—as what he does one day, may have to be undone the next. Sir Edmund Lyons is said to have offered to hold the place with the blue-jackets and marines, rather than see it given up. The *Agamemnon* is now outside, and smaller steamers are in constant communication between Balaklava and the fleet.

28*th.*—Last night, there was a great turn-out. Volleys of musketry and guns were heard in the direction of Balaklava, and the

sky was illuminated with the flashes. In the morning, a number of Russian cavalry-horses were found in the camp, and were taken by ourselves and our allies. It happened that the French fired shells and rockets at some Russian cavalry, in the plain; and the horses, being frightened, broke from their fastenings, and rushed up the Woronzoff road into the camp. Our pickets, thinking they were attacked, fired at them; and the horses went on down towards the town, where they were fired at by the Russians, who, in their turn, thought *they* were attacked. The horses were turned back, and, when it got light, were taken, as I have mentioned. Some, however, got into the valley of the Tchernaya, near the Inkerman ruins, and the Cossack videttes picked them up. I saw three Cossacks trying to catch one grey horse. It was feeding just within rifle shot of our pickets. They would make a dash at the horse—but always stopped short, whenever the bullets went near them. They failed in getting him, for the time; but, no doubt, succeeded easily after nightfall.

There are some good-looking houses down in the valley, between our heights and the ruins. Near one is a pond, under a lot of trees, and a flock of geese on it; but any one going down to catch the geese, would run every chance of being caught by the Cossacks, if not shot by the pickets on one side or other. Still, the geese look very tempting, and would be a fine addition to a camp larder. The Cossacks are ugly-looking fellows in grey coats, with long lances, and are always prowling about there.

29*th.*—Sunday. North wind with rain, and very cold. From the ridge above the Second Division there is an extensive panoramic view of the camp, the town, the country on the north-side, stretching away beyond the Belbek and the Katcha rivers; and the valley of the Tchernaya, as far as Tchorgoun, with the mountains in the distance.

Besides the Russians in Sebastopol, there are two out-lying armies, by which we are invested, and cut off from any communication with the interior. One of them is to the north, near the Belbek; and appears to be very

strong in artillery; for the 'green guns' can be plainly seen with the naked eye.

The other is hutted near Tchorgoun, and threatens Balaklava. Part of them have established themselves at the base of the hills on the other side of the Tchernaya; and long trains of waggons are continually arriving from the Mackenzie Heights.

Our position is an elevated plateau, in parts thickly covered with brushwood, sloping down in front towards Sebastopol; and there intersected by deep ravines. On our right and rear, it descends almost precipitously into the valley of the Tchernaya; which is much less than a mile wide, opposite the ruins.

The position is crossed by two roads; one from the town of Sebastopol to the head of the harbour, branching from the other, the Woronzoff road, which leads to Kamara and Baidar. The brushwood outside the camp, is full of lizards and tree-frogs; the latter utter a most peculiar cry. There are also quails, and woodcocks have been occasionally seen.

A favourite lounge of mine, was to go to the top of the above-mentioned ridge, and

look at Sebastopol. From the first, I always declared that I would see the finish of the siege, walk about in, and plunder the town!

This camp-life was just the thing that suited me. I always shall look back upon the time I passed in the Crimea, as one of the happiest periods of my life.

30*th*.—Very dark and cold; snow on the mountains; not much going on, and firing very slack. I may be *quite* wrong; but I look upon our Balaklava battle as a defeat; and, for confessing this opinion, I have no doubt I shall be severely criticized. It was a great mistake to put Turks into such wretched redoubts, and leave them unsupported. No wonder they gave way. Very few, if any troops, would have stayed there under the circumstances. Still, that is no excuse for their plundering the tents as they ran into Balaklava, crying—'Ship, Johnny,'—meaning that it was all up; and that no course was left but to go on board ship, and away!

After the fight, the Russians remained in

possession of the redoubts, our guns, and the field of battle. Our loss of cavalry was disastrous; and, at the time, irreparable—while the loss of the Russians was comparatively small, and, to them, insignificant. I question whether their success was not far greater than they expected, or even tried for. It is not clear that they attacked with the intention of forcing Balaklava, on that occasion; it is just as likely that they only advanced to make a reconnaissance in force; and, if there was an opportunity to follow up any advantage they might gain; but they had not the resolution to do so. They, of course, will claim the victory as their own; whereas, good management would have secured it to us. By the capture of the redoubts, the Russians were enabled to cut off our direct line of communication between Balaklava and the Camp, and, by that means, greatly aggravated the hardships our troops suffered. I believe the prevailing impression in England is, that the Russian cavalry charged at—or within a short distance of—the 92nd Highlanders, and that the volley of the latter

proved very destructive:—Now I have since repeatedly conversed with officers of that regiment, or others, who were present, and witnessed the whole proceeding, all agree in stating that the Russians never came within three hundred yards of the Highlanders, who fired high, and hardly emptied a single saddle; after the Russian cavalry had passed away some two or three were left on the ground (it is doubtful if there were so many), but even this loss might have been caused by our Artillery. Nevertheless, it is certain, that the attitude of the 92nd, drawn up, on elevated ground, had the effect of turning the Russians from their advance towards Balaklava.

A day or two afterwards, Lord Raglan published a general order, in which he 'condoled,' with Lords Lucan and Cardigan, on the loss the Light Cavalry had sustained, and briefly thanked Sir De Lacy Evans for the 'repulse of a powerful sortie.'

Sir De Lacy Evans's action was a brilliant repulse of a far superior force, about eight thousand men, who came out to make a

reconnaissance—a *rehearsal* of Inkerman—but which might have been a real attack had any success been obtained by them. It was a complete victory on our part, inflicting great damage on the enemy, with but small loss to ourselves—exactly the reverse of Balaklava. All who saw it say that it was the best and prettiest action of the campaign, and the only one in which any *generalship* was shown. It deserves a clasp at least as much as the battle of Balaklava; but it is thought nothing of, not even named or known in England, because the 'butcher's bill' was light. Had our losses been heavy, it would have been brought into notice. Severe as were the losses of the cavalry on that occasion (and except a trifling skirmish or two, it has been their only battle during the present war), in numbers they did not exceed those of the infantry, at the taking of the quarries, the smallest of our three chief assaults upon the Russian works. I subjoin a copy of the returns of the casualties of both engagements, as published in the *London Gazette*.

BALAKLAVA. OCTOBER 25.

TOTAL :—13 officers, 16 sergeants, 4 drummers.
142 rank and file, 381 horses killed.
27 officers, 21 sergeants, 4 drummers.
199 rank and file, wounded.

N.B.—In the above return, the losses of the artillery and engineers are included, also the staff. It is from the 22nd to the 26th of October, both days inclusive.

QUARRIES, JUNE 7.

12 officers, 25 men, killed.
35 officers, 423 men, wounded.

The wounds of 58 men are returned as 'dangerous, and it is probable that many died in consequence.

Artillery and sappers are also included.

31*st.*—Just now, the fine days are warm and the nights very cold.

Again to Balaklava to forage. It is defended by the Highland brigade, some marines, and rifles, and the batteries are manned by seamen. Our men are encamped on the very top of the lofty hill, east of the harbour. The position is being so strongly fortified, that I do not think the Russians will attack it with any chance of success.

Since I have been in camp, I have slept in my clothes on the ground, in a tent, with an India-rubber sheet, and a blanket under, and a

plaid and another waterproof sheet over me; also having an air-cushion, which I always carry about for a pillow. The ground is certainly cold and hard; but one gets used to everything, and the excitement satisfies me for the absence of all ordinary comforts. I feel glad that I am in a condition to pass every night in a tent, instead of having to go out, on outlying picket, or, with a working party, in the trenches. Certainly the food one gets is not first-rate; and owing to the distance, and the absence of transport, it is difficult to get up the supplies from Balaklava. Biscuit, soaked in water, and then fried in grease, forms the principal part of my breakfast. Writing is a very difficult operation. Having neither seat nor table, I am obliged to sit cross-legged on the ground, laying the paper on a blanket, folded over my knees.

The officers of the army here, by no means lead that life of luxury, without which, I have often heard many of the past generation at home declare, that young men of the present day cannot exist. All sleep in their clothes. A few are fortunate enough to possess a

stretcher, or India-rubber bed; but by far the greater part lie on the ground, with a blanket or two to cover them. Lord Raglan promised that he would bring up their bât horses and baggage, at the first opportunity; but the promise has not been performed, owing to the want of transport, and it will be long before that want is remedied. Meanwhile they have no comfort or conveniences. Any one who can get some biscuit-bags sewn into a large sack, with straw to fill it, to form a mattrass, may consider himself an enviable individual.

Among the many annoyances they are subject to, by no means the least is, that with few exceptions, they are covered with vermin. But the staff-officers, although badly off, as a body have far less inconveniences to put up with than the officers doing regimental duty.

November 1*st*.—Fine and cold.

The camp is so extensive, that many things occur in one part, which are never heard of in the other.

2*nd*.—About four a.m., the Russians poured in a tremendous fire—far exceeding anything

I have yet heard. To-day, the weather is delightful, being sunny and warm; and the nights moonlight and frosty.

3rd.—Heavy fire in the morning, as yesterday. It is just about the time the working parties are relieved in the trenches—and the Russians must know it. The Light Cavalry have been brought up from near Balaklava, and are now encamped near the Guards—and not far from the windmill, which is used as a powder magazine. At present, the camp is formed as follows. On the extreme right—*en l'air*—and quite unprotected by any field-works, is the Second Division; next, the Brigade of Guards, Engineer park, Light Cavalry, and Right Siege Train. Then, the Light Division, and, behind them, there is General Bosquet's Division — some of whom occupy redoubts, overlooking the plain in our rear. Next, come the Naval Brigade, the Fourth Division, and the Third Division, which form the left of *our* line; beyond, and to the rear of these, extending down to the sea, are the French lines. The heavy cavalry are encamped near Balaklava.

Lord Raglan lives in a farmhouse, some

distance in rear of the Third Division, and about the centre of the whole position. The head-quarter camp is a good-sized one — as the staff and guard occupy a large number of tents.

The Turks are generally distributed about the camp, and have lately been put to work in the trenches; but, either from dislike to the occupation, or from the want of good management, 'Johnny' proves a lazy workman; he digs a few minutes, and then sits down.

Colonel Yea, of the 7th Fusiliers—since killed—was one night in the trenches, when the Turks were at work; and seeing one rather more idle than the rest, by loud words and violent gestures, induced him to exert himself rather more. 'Johnny,' however, soon 'knocked off' again; and, on the pantomimic action being repeated, handed his spade to the colonel. This meant, simply, 'Do it yourself;' but Yea, not knowing the manners of the Turks, took it as a good joke.

'Bono' is the word more frequently used in camp, than any other; and is the great

medium of salutation. An English and a French soldier meet, perhaps, the former says —"*Bono Francis!*"—and the reply is "*Bono Anglis!*"—and they fraternize completely, as far as that single word will admit of communication. The latter come in numbers to our camp to get biscuit, for which they give bread in exchange; and the variety is good for both. With a Turk it used to be, "Bono Johnny," but, since they ran away at Balaklava, it has been "No Bono," with them.

At Balaklava there are now a good many shops open for the sale of provisions, which are also to be bought on board the ships in the harbour. Most of these shops are kept by Maltese, Greeks, or Italians; who make a small venture, and realize an enormous profit. Any one with some capital, could realize a large sum, by underselling all these extortioners, and, at the same time, confer great benefits on the army, by supplying them with really good and necessary articles, as there are not many ways of expending money here. Officers do not so much mind paying high prices for hams, beer, wine, and general lux-

uries and requisites, but they have frequently great trouble in getting bottles and bulky articles up to the more distant parts of the camp.

There is a great falling off in the smart appearance of our soldiers. The gay lancer and bold dragoon no longer present the same dashing aspect they had, when they arrived from England. The clothes which were the most showy there, are the worst here. All are more or less dingy, and in rags; and the tawdry, useless, and expensive lace on the coatees of regiments of the line, makes them look much worse than they otherwise would. A regiment now presents anything but a uniform appearance. Some of the men have shakos, some have only forage caps, and some have neither. These last have had recourse to the flat cloth forage caps taken from the Russians. Some have black trowsers, and some have blue ones; and both are mended with patches of a colour which show at once where the rent has been. Coats and trowsers alike have buttons taken from the Russian uniforms. Our *present* army-dress is

not adapted for service; but the new pattern appears to be a great improvement.

The French exhibit a great contrast to us. Of course, their clothing shows wear and tear, but they look nearly as well, and quite as smart as when they first landed in Turkey. Even the Turks are better clothed for rough work, than our men. Their great coats are thick, warm, and serviceable; while ours are thin, made of most rotten materials, and quite inadequate for keeping men warm in snow or winter weather.

CHAPTER VI.

INKERMAN.

November 4th.—A COLD, wet day. No one had an idea of what to-morrow would bring forth. In the evening, General Pennefather directed the field-officer commanding the pickets of the Second Division, to send an intelligent officer out to reconnoitre. The officer went, and returned with the information that all was quiet, and that there was nothing unusual to report.

After nightfall, the picket, usually stationed on the Shell Hill, was retired full two hundred yards, by order of the field-officer. The officer

in command of it, who was only relieved the next morning, about half-an-hour before the Russians made their first attack, subsequently told me that he is confident he should have detected the advance of the Russian guns, if he had been left in his old position; but, being brought *below* the hill, he had no chance of *hearing* them, and seeing was out of the question; for the drizzling rain made it so dark, that even large objects were invisible at a few yards' distance. It is said that some of the pickets heard the rumbling of wheels during the night, but thought little of it, as it was a usual occurrence. For, up to this time, and for long after, owing to the insufficiency of our force, the south side of Sebastopol was not completely invested; and the Russians used to bring troops and provisions into the town along the line of the aqueduct. There was also a good road, along which any artillery might travel, leading from Careening Bay to the heights, somewhere near Shell Hill.

The existence of these roads, as I heard afterwards, was doubted at head-quarters, because they were not marked on the map;

although Colonel Herbert, Quarter-Master-General of the Second Division, declared that he had ridden along them.

Great blame was afterwards laid upon the pickets, for having been remiss in their duty, in not keeping a sufficiently good watch, and in allowing the Russians to surprise them. I think the pickets on Cossack Hill, which is to the left of Shell Hill, ought not to have been surprised; but much is to be said for them, on account of the badness of the weather, the dark background from which the Russians advanced, and the soft state of the soil, which '*muffled*' the wheels of the guns. The hard work to which our men were subjected, of course, made them drowsy; and I have often heard officers say, that they *could not* keep their men awake; they *would* sleep, in spite of all they could do to prevent them. When I said, above, that our position was undefended by field-works, I forgot to mention a low wall and breastwork, on the top of the ridge, on both sides of the road, but which hardly deserved the name of a work.

5th—Sunday.—About four a.m., there was

the heavy discharge of guns from the town, as on the previous mornings. I awoke, and heard the bells ringing loudly; but, having heard the same thing before, thought nothing of it, and fell asleep again. Up to this time, I had always turned out whenever the division got under arms; but, weary of hearing 'wolf' cried so often, and being unusually tired and sleepy, I did not do so this morning, but rolled myself still closer into my blankets.

About five a.m., the relieving pickets marched off; and, about half-past six, when it *ought* to have been daylight, the pickets which had been relieved (I speak of those of the Second Division, where I was) arrived at their tents. They had hardly done so, when musketry was heard in the direction of Shell Hill and Cossack Hill, from which they had just come. The whole division stood to their arms, and the alarm was spread throughout the camp.

I will now relate my experiences, and whatever I know or believe to be true; but I do not attempt to write a full account of a battle, which no one could see, and which

was fought, on our side, without anything resembling a plan.

The Russians had attacked the right of our position in great force. The battle began much in the same way as the attack on the 26th of October. They drove in the pickets from Shell Hill and Cossack Hill, got their artillery into position there, and commenced firing into the camp of the Second Division. The shot and shell dropped in as fast as possible, for the Russian fire was directed upon this point, evidently to prevent our assembling troops or guns there to oppose them; and their object was to establish themselves upon the Inkerman Heights, where they would have thrown up field-works, which would have commanded the plateau, and from which we must either have driven them or abandoned the siege. There can be no doubt of their object, for in their retreat they left their entrenching tools, and also, I believe, some gabions.

At first I did not feel inclined to turn out, thinking it was another false alarm, but the increasing fire soon informed me that something more than usual was occurring. My

toilet was a short one, as may be easily supposed. I had hardly time to put on my boots, the only part of my clothing I did not sleep in, when I heard the heavy 'dump' of a shot close to my tent. I went outside, and saw a large shell which had struck the ground, and was bounding away like a football. As it was not yet daylight, I could plainly see the fuse burning. It rolled towards some horses fastened about one hundred yards distant, and burst close to, but did not injure any of them.

The order was given to strike the tents, which was immediately done. There was considerable confusion in the camp—officers calling for their horses, servants looking for their masters, masters calling to their servants. As soon as the Second Division were assembled, they advanced to the breastwork on the ridge just above their camp, where they lay down. The three guns, which were always in waiting, ready for action, under the brow of the hill in the road running through the Second Division camp, were moved up, and opened fire upon the enemy; and the pickets for some time successfully opposed the Russian skirmishers at

the barrier, in the hollow between the two ridges, where a stone wall had been thrown up across the road—the same place where they made so gallant a stand on the 26th.

I left the tents, for to remain there one's life was not worth ten minutes' purchase, as the Russians, having got the accurate range, were throwing in a storm of shot and shell, and their fire was incessant. I went to the edge of the hill, at a point where I could see down into the valley at the back of our position. As it was getting light, I noticed the Russians, previously mentioned as being hutted at the base of the hills on the opposite side of the plain of the Tchernaya, near Tchorgoun, leaving their encampment, and moving as if to join the force which had already attacked our right, or to make another attack in our rear. They advanced along the valley to the banks of the river, near where it passes the reservoir at the base of the Fedouchine Hills, and remained there stationary during the day, ready to move if the chief attack had been productive of success, when, no doubt, they would have attacked us in rear. I went away

to give information of what I had seen, and met the Grenadier and Fusilier Guards going up to support the Second Division. The Coldstream Guards did not arrive until afterwards, and many of the Guards continued to arrive in small parties, as they were relieved from outlying pickets in other directions. Afterwards came up part of the Light and Fourth Divisions, and the 50th regiment from the Third Division; and eventually nearly every regiment, or such portions of them as could be spared from the trenches, became engaged in the battle, excepting, of course, those at Balaklava, and the Third Division, which remained during the day drawn up near Cathcart's Hill. At last the French arrived—I cannot say when, for I took no note of time, and hours were as minutes, and minutes as hours. They came up battalion after battalion, and batteries of artillery. I saw the vivandières riding under fire with them as to a review, and a priest rode at the head of one regiment.

The Light Cavalry Brigade and the Chasseurs d'Afrique were drawn up some

distance in rear of the tents of the Second Division, ready to charge at whatever point the Russians might break into the camp. By some mismanagement the Light Cavalry were moved too far to the front, and got needlessly under fire; a shell dropped among them and killed Lieutenant Clevland and four or five men. It would certainly have been difficult to have kept them entirely out of fire, unless they had been moved some distance to the rear of their own tents, for the Russian shot reached over the whole camp between the ridge and the windmill.

At the commencement of the attack, Liprandi's Corps near Balaklava, made a demonstration against the French near the telegraph station on the Woronzoff road, where a redoubt had been constructed; and there was some sharp firing in that direction for some time, but it was, evidently, a false attack. The Russians, however, remained till the afternoon drawn up on the plain near the Turkish redoubts, threatening to renew the engagement, had the main attack succeeded. On referring to the Russian account of the

battle, I find that Prince Gortschakoff was in command of this corps; and it is represented as making a strong demonstration against Kadikoi, thereby keeping our troops at that point in check.

During the whole day, shot and shell continued to fall among the tents of the Second Division, so much so, that when the battle was over, they presented a most ragged appearance; and, although they had been lying on the ground, there was hardly one that was not more or less damaged, while, some were cut into shreds, and perfectly unserviceable. Shot had rolled themselves up in some—shells had burst inside others, and even musket balls had reached them, and were found lying inside. A shell burst in the tent where the band instruments of the 95th were lying, and damaged them so much, as to render them useless—they had to be sent to England for repair.

Next day, the ground there was covered with round shot, grape, splinters of shells, and many shells which had not burst; the latter were carefully buried. Captain Allix, aide-de-

camp to Sir De Lacy Evans, was in the road a short distance in rear of the ridge, when a round shot struck him in the middle, and he fell forward from his horse—of course dead. The battle began before seven o'clock a.m., and was not over until past three o'clock p.m.; and long afterwards the Inkerman Light Battery continued to throw up shells, no doubt doing as much or more damage to the Russian wounded than to us. It was an awful fight—the rolling of the musketry and heavy sound of the artillery were nearly incessant, varied only by the loud yelling of the Russians. Sometimes, from a want of ammunition or during intervals between the attacks, the fire and yelling would comparatively cease for a few minutes, and then begin again with greater fury. The morning was dark and foggy with drizzling rain, and the clouds hung upon the hill-tops. The sun could not shine through the thick mist, and could hardly be said to have risen; at one time, the fog was so thick, that, what with it and the smoke, I could see nothing but the flashes of the guns. It must have been about noon, I should think, when

the fog cleared off; and the day soon after became bright and fine. About half-past one the Russians began to retire, their final attack having proved unsuccessful. They covered the retreat with their guns, and the cannonade was tremendous.

Before this last attack, there was a lull for a longer period than usual, and I thought that the battle was over; but it was only a preparation for their last effort.

At one time, the Russians, having an immese and almost overwhelming force of infantry, supported by a numerous and excellent artillery, very nearly forced our ridge, and got into the camp. They advanced up to the breastwork, and to the muzzles of our guns, by which many, as I saw, were almost blown to pieces. Some twenty or thirty Russians did manage to cross the breastwork, to the right of the road, and penetrated almost up to the tents of the Second Division; but they were all killed, and their bodies were lying next day where they had fallen.

Their artillery practice was good. From the constant and heavy fire which they poured

into the camp, they must have thought our reserves were there. But there were no reserves; every available man was in action. We had not above eight thousand men engaged, and, for some hours in the early morning, these few resisted and repelled forty or fifty thousand Russians. It was certainly a new Thermopylæ, and the advantage of the position was with us, or we never could have held it for any time; we must have been surrounded by superior numbers.

Sir De Lacy Evans had gone on board ship some days previously, having had a fall from his horse; but, hearing of the battle, he came up, and was present at the action, but did not, however, take the command of the division from General Pennefather.

While the battle was raging, the Russians made a sortie upon the trenches on the left of the French lines, but were repulsed with considerable loss. Owing to the thick fog, our troops constantly got into confusion—intermixed with each other—so that order was frequently lost. English and French regiments became intermixed, and fought

side by side. It was rather a battle of separate bodies, than a combined defence; and the fog, although injurious to us in allowing the Russians to surprise us, and get up their guns unopposed, was also detrimental to them, as it prevented a combined attack of their infantry at all points. I believe that in some documents, published subsequently, they attempt to account for their failure, by saying that Soimonoff's division, on leaving the town, took a different direction to that previously assigned to it. It had been directed to advance along the left bank of the ravine, leading into Careening Bay, against the five-gun battery, which was partially dismantled at the time, and only contained a Lancaster gun, and then to penetrate into the heart of our camp, near the tents of the Light Division, thereby taking our force on the Inkerman heights in rear; but the general commanding, mistaking his orders, or ignorant of the ground, advanced up the *other side* of the ravine, where the ground was so circumscribed, that the Russians had not room to show their

whole front; and, owing to the fog, got into confusion. It was a fortunate error for us; had the original plan been carried out, our defeat was certain.

The hills, up which the Russians advanced against our right and the Sand-bag battery, are very steep, and even difficult to walk up. I have many times, at subsequent periods, been over the whole ground, and the more I see of it, the more I am convinced it was a most 'plucky' attempt of theirs. Had our men not pursued the Russians from the crest of the hills, which was our vantage ground, down into the hollows, whereby they got cut off by fresh bodies, who had come up unperceived through the smoke and brush-wood in rear of them, our loss would have been much smaller. The strength of the position was what saved us; for it is absurd to suppose that a force so numerically inferior —no matter how bravely they fight—could resist an army, perhaps seven times their number, unless the nature of the ground was greatly in their favour.

After the Guards had retired behind the

breastwork to re-form, and when the Russians were retreating, I crossed the ridge, and went towards Shell Hill. Immediately on passing the breastwork, one came *at once* upon the dead, lying in and on both sides of the road. It was a line of demarcation between the dead and the living. Thus far the enemy had advanced, and except the few men previously mentioned, they had got no further. The ground along the front of the work was covered with Russian corpses. One Russian, or rather his remains, lay on the parapet of the breastwork. Had it not been for his clothes he would have dropped to pieces, for he had literally been blown from a gun. Close to the road they lay very thick, and in a hollow undulation of the ground, some forty or fifty yards from the breastwork, there was a heap of them, which had either been killed with grape or musketry. They were buried where they fell, and the traces of the fight are manifest to this day. All about this spot our dead were also plentiful. One man had been killed by a shot which had first smashed his musket, and the barrel had been driven

through his body like a spit. They were principally belonging to the Second Division, who defended the centre of our line, and both sides of the road leading down to the causeway and the head of the harbour. The Light Division were to their left, near the Picket-house ravine; but I know but little of their deeds, or those of the Fourth Division. Indeed, it was most difficult to get any information, as few could tell anything except what occurred close to them.

When I got to Shell Hill the Russians were crossing the head of the harbour, and climbing up the opposite heights. On this hill the Russian artillery had been in position. There were not so many dead there, for the Russians had no doubt carried them off, but there must have been many killed, for our artillery was firing upon that ground the whole of the day. There were, however, gun-carriages smashed, and limbers, and ammunition-waggons, some nearly full, one of which was on fire. The Russians had carried off the guns from the disabled carriages. It appears that they would rather lose five hundred men than allow one gun to fall into the hands

of the enemy. There were also a great number of horses, either killed or wounded with cannon shot. Those alive had been either shot in the neck, or their legs had been smashed. It was a distressing sight to see a horse, with a leg torn off, standing still, looking wistfully at his wound, and at a loss to understand how it had been caused; or falling down and struggling to rise. Yet those horses, whose wounds were slight, nibbled at the grass and brushwood as if they did not suffer much pain. I shot a few of them with a revolver, but it was difficult to kill them with so small a bullet. I shot them between the eyes, and sometimes, at first, the only result was a profuse discharge of blood from the nostrils. A Minié bullet finished them at once; and during the evening, and next day, there was a constant cracking of single rifles over the ground, as the wounded horses were being put out of their misery. Some of the dead horses were disembowelled, and some ripped open by round shot from shoulder to tail. All this time, shells and heavy shot were constantly falling in from the Inkerman Light battery, and the guns in the

works round the Malakhoff Tower. The dead and wounded here were Russian artillery-men, who were lying about under the gun-carriages and limbers. They were dressed in the same long, grey coats as the Infantry, and only distinguishable by their buttons, on which were two cannons crossed. I cut some from their clothes, and brought them away as relics. All the men wore flat cloth forage caps, and under their great coats were there uniform coatees; generally dark green with red facings. Everywhere the ground was strewed with dead and wounded horses and men, caps, pouches, firelocks in thousands, shot, shell, grape-shot, cartridges, and other *materiel* of war; and, in many places pools and stains of blood. The dead and wounded were lying among the thick brushwood, and not to be seen, unless close upon them. The Russians had all the cylindrical bags of black bread-crumbs, which, when full are tied at the top, and are exactly the shape of a bolster; these are what they carry as so many days' rations, when on the march or on an expedition. Many had also

large half loaves of bread; they also had tin vessels in which they mixed up this bread into a sort of pulp; and almost every man carried a wooden spoon. The wounded propped up their heads on these bolsters of bread, and used them as pillows. They made a great noise when anyone went near them, and appeared in great alarm lest their pillow should be disturbed.

I made my way through these scenes into the road, and to the picket barrier, and from thence to the Sand-bag or two-gun battery. As I was going along the road, I came upon a Russian officer lying against the bank—he was very badly wounded, being shot through his left chest, and groaned continually. He spoke to me in French, and asked me for water—luckily, I had some left, so I gave it to him. He told me that the greater number of Russians engaged had come down from the north, and had lately arrived. As he was in a tolerably comfortable position, and I could do no more for him, I left him; and, as he was in a conspicuous place, he was no doubt soon brought in; but I do not think he could

have lived long. This road ran along the edge of the ravine, and was very winding. There were a great number of dead in it, nearly all Russians; and I noticed that they had been killed almost in the same spots in which most were killed in the action of the 26th. This is easily accounted for, because, as the road was winding, there were, of course, turns in it, more exposed than others to our fire. The Sand-bag battery was on the spur of a hill, about seven hundred yards in front of the breastwork near the camp; and the ground began to descend almost precipitously to the right of it, but, in front, the declivity was not so considerable. It was not many yards in length, and was open in rear. At the time of the battle there were no guns in it. It had been constructed for the purpose of silencing a Russian battery in the Inkerman ruins, just across the valley. This was soon done, and the guns were then removed, but at no time were they left in the battery during the night —they were then always withdrawn. I mention this, because the public appear to be in error on the subject, and suppose that it was

a regular redoubt armed with guns, and defended exclusively by the Guards.

The Guards certainly were the principal defenders of that point; and were the largest *body* of troops near, but other regiments justly claim a share in the honour. The battery in itself was of no value—the Russians were in possession of it more than once, if I am informed right, but were driven out again. The position was the only thing to be considered. The troops who may claim to have co-operated with the Guards at this point are the 20th regiment, the right wing of the 95th, and a detachment of the 49th, and there may have been others; but owing to the confusion, regiments got so intermixed, that it is impossible to say that others might not have been there.

Round about this battery the fight had been most fierce, and the slaughter nearly unparalleled. Words alone cannot convey to the mind of the reader the spectacle that the reality presented. For a great distance round, but principally to the left front of the battery, where the ground was pretty level for a few

yards, it was positively covered with dead. The Russians lay in heaps, and it was impossible to walk without stepping over them.

There were also many lying inside the battery; but, there, the greater number of dead belonged to the Allies. French and English Linesmen, Indigenes, Zouaves, and Guardsmen, lay intermixed, and the ground was thickly covered with bodies. The great numbers of bearskin caps laying about made quite a show, and some of them were full of blood. From merely seeing the bodies, it was impossible to calculate their number with any degree of accuracy; but, judging from five visits to the spot, before the dead were removed, I am convinced, that to every Englishman down, there were ten Russians. I used to go there about twice a-day, while I remained in camp, and stay at least an hour each time. The wounds were frightful. Some were ripped open with shot or shell; the legs of some were blown off; others were headless; and the brains of many had dripped out of the large holes caused by our Minié bullets, leaving the skull empty.

Near the battery, most of the Russians had

been killed by our musketry; and I have no doubt, that one great reason of their immense loss is, that two, or even three, had been killed at a shot; which might easily have happened, as they came in large masses right up to the embrasures of the battery. Numbers had been killed not five yards from the muzzles of our rifles, and every one knows the great penetrative force of a conical ball. Some had been shot in the act of leaping through the embrasures, and there lay. They had advanced up a very steep hill, thickly covered with dwarf oak; and nearly all had been struck in the upper part of the body—as that, of course, would first appear as a mark to aim at. The dead were lying the whole way down the declivity, even as far as the plain below; and one could not walk ten yards without coming upon a body. I remained on the ground until after sunset, and the moon had risen. Inside the battery lay a Guardsman, leaning his head on his hand, which rested on a folded coat. He appeared to be only asleep. I touched him, and found he was dead. All over the field, the groaning

of the wounded was heard in every direction; and some would have to remain long without relief.

The French sent their ambulances to assist and bring in our wounded, and they were being carried off throughout the night. Some time after moonrise, I saw the Duke of Cambridge superintending the work.

I imagine that the whole force of Russians engaged amounted to something like sixty thousand men; and, from the statements of deserters and prisoners, it appeared that the greater part of these were fresh arrivals, who had come from Perekop and Kertch. They had been conveyed in carts, to save time and the fatigue consequent upon marching. The Grand Dukes Michael and Nicholas were also present at the battle; and General Dannenberg commanded the whole attacking force, according to the despatch of Prince Menschikoff.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

TOWARDS evening, I went into the Second Division camp, and had some food—dinner it could not be called—surrounded by French and English soldiers and Russian prisoners. Water was in great request, and I was constantly giving it either to one or the other of them. I never expected to have seen my own things again; for French and English had been moving over the prostrate tents during the whole day, besides the constant passing of artillery and ammunition waggons; so, I thought, that, if not destroyed, they would have been stolen. How-

ever, I found them all safe and uninjured; but I suspect that it was owing to the fire being so heavy, that no one would venture to stop to plunder.

As soon as I had eaten what I could get, I went back to the field of battle, and stayed until late. It was a novel sight to me to see the pickets bivouacking unconcernedly, with hundreds of corpses lying within the circumference of sixty or seventy yards, as at the barrier and other places. Lord Raglan, in his despatch, estimated the Russian loss at fifteen thousand; but, as soon as I had heard our own loss, I was satisfied that theirs was not a man less than twenty thousand; and in this I have been, subsequently borne out by the best authority. Such slaughter in so small a space was probably never before seen; and Lord Raglan adds, in speaking of the field of battle:—"I never before witnessed such a spectacle."

I saw General Canrobert riding about, and noticed that he had been wounded, for he carried his arm in a sling. It certainly was a tremendous struggle, and for long the issue

was doubtful. I always felt confident that we should gain the victory, but, at times, my faith was shaken by reports which were constantly circulated during the day by those who ought to have known better. The Russians all but succeeded. They swarmed up the hills in immense columns, and were constantly on the point of turning our flanks, when they were as often driven back. From their experience of the 26th, they had ascertained the precise range for their artillery; which, besides being more numerous, was so much more powerful than ours. For they had brass 32-pounder howitzers in position, and we could make no head against them until two long iron 18-pounders were brought up to the breastwork, and these two guns fired upwards of one hundred rounds each, and by their superior practice and weight of metal, crushed the enemy's fire.

There can be no doubt that this wall or breastwork should long ago have been a more substantial work. Nearly everyone said so previously, and anyone could see at a glance that it was the weak part of our position;

besides, we had had a warning, on the 26th, of what might occur, but nothing effective was done. A few days before the battle, some empty barrels were made to serve as gabions, and filled with earth, and a sort of parapet formed by putting sods of turf on the low wall, which had been erected soon after the first arrival of the division. I was present while it was being done, and I heard the staff-officer, who was superintending the work, and who was afterwards killed, ridicule it, and call it 'Herbert's Folly.' Subsequent events pretty plainly showed that it was no folly at all; and this breastwork, although paltry in itself, still did good service; and Colonel Herbert—or whoever caused it to be done—made it as strong as the means in his power would permit him to do. I have heard engineer officers say, that they used frequently to represent the unprotected state of our Right; and many have said, that Sir De Lacy Evans and the Duke of Cambridge used, day after day, to go to head-quarters, and beg that something might be done to fortify it, but all to no purpose, and that they

were even laughed at; so I cannot but think that there must rest the blame. Defensive works were thought to be unnecessary. Directly *after* the battle, a strong work was thrown up on the ridge, and armed with three iron 18-pounders, and three 8-inch howitzers. Had this been done before, we might have repulsed the Russians with small loss to ourselves, for they never could have established their artillery on the opposite ridge, and there would have been little danger of their breaking into the camp at that point.

Probably Sir Thomas Troubridge, then Major of the 7th Fusiliers, was the first who perceived the advance of the Russians. An hour before daylight, he, being field-officer of the day, relieved Colonel Yea, in the command of the outposts of the Light Division; and having posted his sentries in front of the five-gun battery—which, as I before observed, had unfortunately been partially dismantled—went down towards the Mamelon to reconnoitre. The morning was damp and hazy, but, with the first dawn of light, he observed

some unusual square masses in a fall of the ground on Cossack Hill, on the opposite side of the ravine; and hearing, at the same time, a suspicious rumbling as of artillery, he immediately gave the alarm.

Soon afterwards, these indistinct columns advanced rapidly; the front columns opening out into a sort of skirmishing order, and driving in our advanced pickets. The companies on outpost duty were gradually called in to the shelter of the battery, from whence they kept up, during the advance of the enemy, a severe fire across the ravine, at about a thousand yards' distance; driving column after column of Soimonoff's corps from the brow of the hill, and effectually preventing the enemy from descending into the ravine. The number of dead lying on the edge of the ravine after the battle, showed the accuracy of our fire; and Soimonoff himself was killed by a musket ball during the day. To cover his retreat, the enemy brought six or seven guns to the edge of the ravine, and opened a murderous fire of grape on the men in the battery, taking them in reverse. The ships, the mud fort,

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and Malakhoff at this period redoubled their fire. There was but little shelter in the battery, and, having made the men lie flat on their faces, some of the officers crouched behind a small sand-bag magazine, and had only been there a few minutes, when a 39-pound shot from the Malakhoff, grazing the shattered parapet, fell amongst them, killing two men of the Fusiliers, carrying off Sir Thomas Troubridge's right leg and left foot, and dangerously wounding Lieutenant Owens, of the 33rd. Sir Thomas exclaimed, "Both my legs are gone!"—but felt no pain. Fearing that he should bleed to death—a mistaken idea in such cases—he placed his legs on an empty powder-case, so as to elevate them. Sergeant Fisher, and eight men of the Fusiliers, gallantly volunteered to carry him to the rear; but, in consequence of the heaviness of the fire, to which both himself and the men would have been exposed, he refused, preferring to remain where he was, and retained the command until relieved by another field-officer.

While he was lying on the ground, a shell

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pitched some little distance beyond, and on a ground more elevated than he was, and rolled slowly back towards him, the fuse burning furiously. He lay as close as he could, expecting the shell to roll on him, and blow him to atoms; however, fortunately, it stopped about fifteen yards from him, and burst without doing him any injury. As soon as the firing slackened, he was carried to his tent, and, as nearly all know, he is now in perfect health.

Many of our wounded officers and men were bayoneted by the Russians. Captain Macdonald was the adjutant of his regiment (the 95th), and was consequently mounted. He received a shot in the knee, which knocked him off his horse; and about the same time the regiment was obliged to retire; and in the confusion he was left on the ground. A soldier of the regiment, named Murphy, ran back and wanted to remain with him, and would not leave until ordered to do so. The Russians were then rapidly advancing, and Macdonald was soon surrounded by them—some, when they saw he was alive, shot at

him while he was lying on the ground, and actually missed him though at a short distance. He staggered to his legs, and being unarmed opened his hands, and pointed to his knee to show that he was wounded. However, they ran at him, knocked him over, and podded him with their bayonets—giving him *sixteen* stabs, and leaving him for dead. So many were stabbing him at the same time, that they got in each other's way, or they must have killed him. When he came to himself again, the Russians had been driven back, and he was carried to the rear; most fortunately, none of his wounds were mortal; and, at the time I am now writing, he has almost perfectly recovered.

His escape was a most wonderful one, and he is about the only one of the many wounded —afterwards bayoneted—who have escaped with life. His great-coat was as full of holes as an old pin-cushion. Fortunate was it for Murphy that he did not remain; it is not too much to say, that his death was certain if he had done so.

Captain Macdonald had also a great escape

at the Battle of Alma; he was knocked over by a spent musket-ball, which struck and embedded itself in the ornament of his shoulder-belt, just over his chest—causing a contusion, but no wound.

The Guards occupied a most prominent part in the battle, and never did they distinguish themselves more. Owing to their encampment being so close to the point attacked, they became engaged among the first, and, as will be seen, their loss was tremendous. This, however, was the last occasion of their having any *fighting* during the siege, except the ordinary trench work, which was equally shared by the line. I am indebted to an officer of the brigade for the following graphic account of their deeds on this day. As any alteration of mine would only spoil instead of improve it, it is printed *verbatim*.

'Under cover of the rain and mist, on Saturday, the 4th of November, and during the darkness of the subsequent night, the Russians had collected large bodies of troops on the slopes of the heights south of the Sebastopol inlet, unseen and unnoticed by the

advanced pickets of the Second Division. At break of day, on the 5th of November, the English camp was roused by a rattling fire of musketry in the direction of the Sapoune heights. The brigade of Guards at the time were encamped to the left and rear of the Second Division, the Grenadier and Scots Fusilier Guards being in front of the mill, and the Coldstream on the ridge of the heights overlooking the Tchernaya valley, and immediately above Canrobert's redoubt. On the first alarm of musketry, the brigade, with the exception of those companies that were on the out-lying pickets, was immediately formed. The Grenadiers and Scots Fusiliers were ordered to march towards the ridge. It was doubtful for a moment whether they should march to the support of the Coldstream Guards, in case of an attack on that side from the corps under Liprandi in the plains of Balaklava, or to the support of the Second Division. The firing, however, increasing in the direction of the Inkerman heights, the Duke of Cambridge ordered them to move round the right flank of the Second Division

encampment, while the Coldstreams, for the present, were to watch the movements of Liprandi's corps in the valley. In the meantime, the Russians had driven in the outlying pickets of the Second Division, on Cossack Hill, and a cloud of their skirmishers were seen rapidly advancing towards the Second Division camp, supported by their artillery; which was soon in position on the ground previously occupied by the pickets of the Second Division. As the Guards advanced to the scene of conflict, round the right flank of the breastwork which had been constructed in front of the Second Division, they formed line, the Grenadier Guards leading. After advancing four hundred yards, the Russians were observed just taking possession of a two-gun battery, made of sand-bags and gabions, out of which they had succeeded in driving a small picket of the 55th regiment, after a most gallant resistance.

Upon information being brought to General Bentinck of what was occurring in front, he immediately ordered the Grenadier Guards to come down to the charge, and drive the Rus-

sians out again. This order was no sooner given, than it was as speedily executed. With a cheer, the regiment came down to the charge, and the Russians were soon forced out of the battery. They still maintained themselves on the outer slope of the parapet, or in the ditch, till they were eventually completely driven away by the closeness and rapidity of the fire. This small sand-bag battery is seven hundred yards in advance of the breastwork in front of the Second Division, at the extremity of a tongue of land. The ground to its right and front falls rapidly down to the Tchernaya valley; but, immediately in its front, there is a comparatively level piece of ground, extending about forty or fifty yards before the slope commences. Beyond that, the Russian advancing columns could remain to a certain degree under cover; but, once on that small plateau, they were exposed to the deadly fire of the Minié of the Guards.

Owing to the formation of the ground, and to the very advanced position of this battery, the right flank of the Grenadier Guards was

thrown back, so as to line the ridge of the tongue of land overlooking the valley; the centre had possession of the battery; while the left flank was thrown back, so as to make a front towards the Russians, who were advancing in large bodies from the Cossack Hill. The Scots Fusilier Guards formed line, in continuation of the left flank of the Grenadiers, with their left extending towards, but not reaching, the line of the Second Division. There was thus a large gap between the advanced position of these two regiments of Guards and the main body of the British army

The Russians now commenced a series of attacks to re-possess themselves of the battery; line after line advanced on to the level plateau in its front, only to be mown down by the fire issuing from it. After repeated attacks and finding all attempts to take it in front failed, they endeavoured to turn the flanks, sometimes the right, sometimes the left—some of the men had already expended their ammunition, and while a fresh supply was sent for, stones were seen hurled into the

air against the enemy. No reinforcements were seen approaching to fill the ever-thinning ranks. The Russians now came up in large numbers trying to outflank the left of the Scots Fusilier Guards; to prevent the execution of such a manœuvre, and to keep up the communication with the rest of the army, this regiment made a flank movement to its left, and the Grenadier Guards being now surrounded on three sides, made a corresponding movement with them, withdrawing for the time from their battery.

While this attack had been going on in front, it was perceived that Liprandi's force in the plains of Balaklava was making no real attack —only a demonstration to occupy the attention of Bosquet's corps of the French army. The Coldstream Guards who were encamped on the left of Bosquet's corps, and had been also watching the movements of the Russians below, were at once ordered to join the remainder of the Brigade, and they made their appearance on the field at the very moment that the Grenadiers and Fusilier Guards had been forced to withdraw to prevent being

surrounded. No sooner, however, were the bear-skin caps of the Coldstreams seen over the thick brushwood, coming to the support of their comrades, than the Grenadiers who had slowly retired, firing, for about fifty or sixty yards, made a second charge into the two-gun battery and eventually cleared it again of the Russians. Many men were without ammunition, and they made use of that of the dead and wounded; the Brigade again took up its previous position—the Fusilier Guards having cleared its front—now were on the left of the Grenadiers; and the Coldstream Guards formed line in prolongation of the left—the Scots Fusiliers.

The strength of the Brigade of Guards on the field of battle was no more than one thousand men at the commencement of the action; the Grenadiers were three hundred and eighty strong, besides a picket of fifty men, under Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar, which was in another part of the field; the Coldstreams and Fusiliers also had pickets overlooking the Tchernaya valley, and were not stronger on the field than the first-named

regiment. Many men had already fallen, the ranks were thinned, a supply of ammunition had been brought, that was all being expended, the Russians continued their repeated attacks, to drive the troops out of the battery, while the ground in front was already covered with heaps of slain. Such an unequal contest could not last much longer. The Fourth Division were ordered to the support of the Brigade of Guards; the 20th regiment arrived on the field, and formed to the left of the Coldstreams; while a company of the 49th regiment, and a few men of other regiments, came down to assist in the defence of the battery. General Cathcart, with Brigadier Torrens, instead of coming to the direct support of the Guards, conceived the idea of turning the left flank of the Russians, and, for that purpose, led their troops round the extreme right of the Brigade of Guards, through the brushwood, on the slopes of the hill overlooking the Tchernaya. The front of the battery was at the time clear of the enemy, and the forward movement of the Fourth Division being observed, part of the Brigade of Guards joined

in the advance down the hill, while the remainder held the post they had occupied during the day. The Russians, in the meantime, were concentrating their troops to make one desperate and final effort against the centre of the English lines. General Cathcart, finding his advance checked by the Russians, who had possession of some hills above him, was ordering his men to withdraw, when he received a mortal wound, as did many of his staff; that part of his division, however, that had advanced, as well as the portion of the Brigade of Guards that had accompanied the movement, were eventually brought back along the sloping ground, round the extreme right flank of the Second Division camp, and took up a position in rear of the British guns, posted in the centre of the English position.

The Grenadier Guards in and about the battery were now—what with deaths, wounds, and the advance of part of the regiment with the Fourth Division—reduced to little more than a hundred men. They had their colours with them, and were, it is believed, the only regiment that had brought their colours into

action on that day; many of the others having been left either in camp, or with a proper escort near the mill. The Coldstream and Fusilier Guards had also been much weakened by similar causes. During the temporary cessation of fire from the Russians, preparatory to their final attack, the Brigade maintained their original position. Shortly, however, large masses of Russians, in column, were seen advancing against the English centre, in a direction nearly parallel with the front of the Fusilier and Coldstream Guards, and the 20th regiment on their left. It will be recollected that the 20th regiment, who had come to the assistance of the Guards, did not extend so as to reach the main body of the English army; a space of three or four hundred yards was left unprotected. The advancing mass of Russians against the centre of the position, threatened seriously to turn the left flank of the 20th regiment and Brigade of Guards, who consequently were ordered to take ground to the left by fours, and thus gradually joined the main body of the English. This movement in consequence of the thick brushwood

and a slightly-rising ground, which interrupted the view, was unseen by the extreme right of the Brigade, so that the small force of Grenadier Guards with their colours, and part of the right flank of the Scots Fusilier Guards, still remained in and on the flanks of the Sand-bag battery at the extremity of the tongue of land before mentioned.

The rear of the attacking column of the Russians finding their left flank unopposed in consequence of the change of position of the 20th regiment, the Coldstreams, and part of the Fusilier Guards, brought their right shoulders forward gradually, and were seen coming down in rear of the small detachment of Guards still remaining in the battery; at the same time the Russians had renewed the attack on its front and flanks. For a time the Grenadier Guards with their colours were in imminent danger of being taken prisoners —assailed in front and flanks, and a line of the enemy coming down upon them from the very direction whence they were looking for supports—their ammunition nearly spent—no French yet arriving on this part of the field—all chance of safety or escape from

being made prisoners, being pparently hopeless, — the chances of the colours of the Grenadier Guards surmounting a trophy of a Russian victory appearing imminent—the numbers too, reduced to less than a hundred. Those men who still had ammunition left, were ordered to fire upon the advancing enemy in front; and the rest surrounding the colours, to charge through the enemy advancing upon their rear. In this manner did this small body of men extricate themselves from the surrounding foe, and take up a new position in line with the Second Division, under cover of the small breastwork in front of the Second Division camp, after maintaining a most unequal conflict for five hours and a half, in an advanced position seven-hundred yards in front of the main body of the army. They were, without delay, served out with a fresh supply of ammunition, and were soon ready to advance again. The Brigade was not, however, called upon for further exertions.

The French, who some time previous had come up to the support of the centre, and were

most gallantly aiding in the overthrow of the great final attack of the Russians—now also made there appearance on the extreme right of the British position. A regiment of Indigenes, some Zouaves, and the 6th regiment of the line, advanced on to the field, previously held by the Brigade of Guards. The Russians finding themselves now attacked by fresh troops, and guessing that the whole French army was marching to the assistance of the English—gave up all hopes of turning the English right or forcing their centre, and commenced a retreat under cover of a formidable fire from their artillery, in position on Cossack Hill.

The Duke of Cambridge now came up to the Brigade, and congratulating them on their safety, ordered them to move to the left and join that part of the Brigade which had advanced with Cathcart's Division. Many and loud were their cheers upon seeing each other again. The Brigade was then ordered to lie down in line in rear of the English guns, where they continued to suffer from the enemy's artillery till the enemy having effected their retreat, their artillery was gradually with-

drawn about three o'clock in the afternoon. The English troops were then ordered back to their respective camps, and the melancholy duty of collecting the wounded, and burying the dead, commenced.

The Grenadier Guards who entered the action 380 strong, lost 3 officers killed, and 3 wounded; 101 non-commissioned officers and rank and file killed; 132 ditto ditto wounded.

The Coldstreams lost 8 officers killed.'

The French loss during the day amounted to one thousand seven hundred and twenty-six, killed and wounded, according to General Canrobert's despatch.

To show our loss, what regiments were engaged, and what each suffered, I cannot do better than append the return of casualties.

RETURN OF CASUALTIES AT THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN ON THE 5TH OF NOVEMBER, 1855.

(A Correction of the Return published in the *Gazette Extraordinary* of November 22.)

Staff—5 officers killed; 11 officers wounded.

4th Light Dragoons—2 rank and file killed; 1 rank and file wounded.

11th Hussars—1 rank and file killed; 1 sergeant, 1 rank and file wounded.

17th Lancers—1 officer, 1 rank and file, killed; 2 rank and file wounded.

Royal Artillery—2 officers, 3 sergeants, 13 rank and file, killed; 4 officers, 5 sergeants, 2 drummers, 72 rank and file, wounded.

3rd Battalion Grenadier Guards—3 officers, 4 sergeants, 1 drummer, 71 rank and file, killed; 6 officers, 6 sergeants, 1 drummer, 138 rank and file, wounded; 2 rank and file missing.

1st Battalion Coldstream Guards—8 officers, 3 sergeants, 59 rank and file, killed; 5 officers, 6 sergeants, 2 drummers, 108 rank and file, wounded.

1st Battalion of Scots Fusilier Guards—1 officer 2 sergeants, 47 rank and file, killed; 8 officers, 8 sergeants, 2 drummers, 105 rank and file, wounded; 4 rank and file missing.

1st regiment of Foot—1 rank and file killed.

7th Regiment—8 rank and file killed; 5 officers, 2 sergeants, 1 drummer, 46 rank and file, wounded; 6 rank and file missing.

19th Regiment—1 officer, 1 rank and file, killed; 3 rank and file wounded.

20th Regiment—1 officer, 2 sergeants, 1 drummer, 27 rank and file, killed; 8 officers, 9 sergeants, 1 drummer 119 rank and file, wounded; 6 rank and file missing.

21st Regiment—1 officer, 14 rank and file, killed; 6 officers, 12 sergeants, 79 rank and file, wounded; 6 rank and file missing.

23rd Regiment—7 rank and file killed; 1 officer, 2 sergeants, 19 rank and file, wounded; 1 officer, 1 sergeant, 11 rank and file, missing.

30th Regiment—2 officers, 25 rank and file, killed; 5 officers, 5 sergeants, 1 drummer, 89 rank and file, wounded.

33rd Regiment— 1 officer, 1 sergeant, 9 rank and file, killed; 2 officers, 2 sergeants, 48 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file missing.

41st Regiment—5 officers, 2 sergeants, 32 rank and file, killed; 6 officers, 4 sergeants, 2 drummers, 85 rank and file, wounded.

46th Regiment—11 rank and file killed; 2 officers, 27 rank and file, wounded.

47th Regiment—20 rank and file killed; 2 officers, 3 sergeants, 43 rank and file, wounded; 2 rank and file missing.

49th Regiment—2 officers, 3 sergeants, 1 drummer, 37 rank and file, killed; 8 sergeants, 1 drummer, 98 rank and file, wounded.

50th Regiment—1 officer, 12 rank and file, killed; 1 officer, 1 drummer, 16 rank and file, wounded.

55th Regiment—14 rank and file killed; 5 officers, 5 sergeants, 63 rank and file, wounded; 4 rank and file missing.

57th Regiment—1 officer, 3 sergeants, 1 drummer, 12 rank and file, killed; 3 officers, 6 sergeants, 1 drummer, 63 rank and file, wounded; 1 rank and file missing.

63rd Regiment—3 officers, 13 rank and file, killed; 7 officers, 9 sergeants, 2 drummers, 74 rank and file, wounded; 4 rank and file missing.

68th Regiment—2 officers, 11 rank and file, killed; 2 officers, 1 sergeant, 1 drummer, 31 rank and file, wounded; 2 sergeants, 6 rank and file, missing.

77th Regiment—1 officer, 2 sergeants, 17 rank and

file, killed; 2 sergeants, 1 drummer, 36 rank and file, wounded.

88th Regiment—4 sergeants, 34 rank and file, killed; 3 officers, 9 sergeants, 1 drummer, 70 rank and file, wounded.

95th Regiment—2 sergeants, 25 rank and file, killed; 4 officers, 2 sergeants, 108 rank and file, wounded.

1st Battalion Rifle Brigade—1 officer, 6 sergeants, 16 rank and file, killed; 3 officers, 5 sergeants, 1 drummer, 74 rank and file, wounded; 1 sergeant, 5 rank and file, missing.

2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade—1 officer, 8 rank and file killed; 1 officer, 26 rank and file, wounded.

Ambulance—1 rank and file wounded.

Total—43 officers, 37 sergeants, 4 drummers, 548 rank and file, killed; 100 officers, 112 sergeants, 21 drummers, 1,645 rank and file, wounded; 1 officer, 4 sergeants, 58 rank and file, missing.

Killed, 632; wounded, 1,878; missing, 63. Grand Total, 2,573.

J. B. BUCKNALL ESTCOURT,
Adjutant-General.

One of the officers of the 95th died afterwards, from the effect of his wounds. During the battle, a pensioner, whose name I forget, attached to the ambulance corps, went to the 95th and obtained permission to fall in with them. He took a firelock from the ground, and fought in the ranks as one of the regiment.

As the tent where I used to sleep had been torn by shot, and the owner had been wounded —and our mess broken up, by two out of the four composing it being wounded—I removed my effects to the tent of a friend in the Light Division, where I continued to reside for the remainder of the time I was in camp. It was late when I got there, and, being very tired, I slept profoundly, and certainly was warmer than I had been at night since I arrived. The reason was, that I had a thin mattress to lie on, and a buffalo robe to cover me —the best thing I know of for the purpose

CHAPTER VIII.

FIELD OF BATTLE.

November 6th.—I TURNED out early, and again went over the field of battle. In the morning, an alarm was spread, that the Russians were going to make another attack, but it soon passed away. Indeed, after so desperate a struggle as that of yesterday, neither side was able or willing to renew the contest; and I very much doubt if the Russians could have been brought to advance so soon over ground thickly strewed with their dead and wounded; and *we* have had enough fighting for the present.

As the dead and wounded are lying on such

thickly-wooded ground, some time must elapse before they are all discovered, brought in, and buried; and the fact of the troops being overworked increases the difficulty. Even to get the dead horses beyond the limits of the camp will be no easy matter. Many of the wounded will die for want of assistance. Those Russians more distant from our camp have not had even a drop of water, nor are they likely to get it; but it cannot be helped—there is no one to attend to them, and water is scarce, having to be brought from a distance.

In going over the field, I found many bottles, which had evidently contained spirits; and I have no doubt that the Russians were primed with drink for the attack; while our men went into the battle without having had anything to eat or drink since the previous day. The escorts in charge of prisoners told me, yesterday, that they all smelled strongly of spirits.

Now, I do not mean to insinuate that the Russian soldiers were drunk. Being out all night, and having to make a desperate attack, it is perfectly natural that an extra ration of

spirits should have been previously served out to them; and it would have been well if our men could, on all such occasions, have had the same. I am convinced it is a great mistake to send men to battle fasting, if it can possibly be avoided. Depend upon it, a dram acts as a great stimulus, and makes men scorn danger, which otherwise they might deliberate before they would face.

The attitudes of the dead were curious. Some had been shot in the act of kneeling and firing, and had so stiffened, with arms extended and bended legs; and a few even remained in this position propped up by the brushwood. Some had been killed in the act of biting the cartridges, and the paper tops were adhering to their mouths. Some were lying on their backs, and others on their faces —in fact, they were in every possible position, but I cannot call to mind having seen any with distorted countenances. All appeared to have a calm expression, as if they had died without pain.

There is no doubt that our force is at present far too small for so great an under-

taking as the capture of Sebastopol. Drafts are coming out, but instead of sending every available soldier, the government, as usual, only send driblets—for instance, two officers and eighty men to a battalion once a thousand strong, and now upwards of five hundred short of its complement.

The Turks did not fire a shot all day yesterday; to-day, however, they are employed in throwing up a work on the ridge near the camp, where heavy guns are to be mounted, which, as I said before, ought to have been done long ago. Had it been so, many lives might have been saved.

The Turks are lazy workmen, and require a man with a stick to every six of them, to keep them going. Out of every hundred, ninety are sitting down smoking or sleeping, and the other ten use their tools in so slow and awkward a manner, that one navvy would do more than the whole of them. If they meet with any obstruction, such as a large stone or root, it is not easy to move, they look at it, sit down, and begin to smoke.

All day long, crowds of people came up

from Balaklava and the ships, to see the field of battle. There were sailors and merchant seamen, without end, picking up trophies, and taking away all the good boots they could find. The Russian soldiers had long boots of brown leather, which they wore over their trousers, and the bodies were soon stripped of them, if they were worth taking away. By evening, if there were any boots left upon any of the dead, near the camp, one might be sure they were bad ones. Few went back to Balaklava without at least one firelock or bayonet as a trophy; besides anything else they could pick up. Many of the Russians had silver medals, for service in Hungary and Transylvania, which they carried somewhere about their persons—frequently in small tin boxes—but did not wear them outside their coats. I did not get any, as I did not know of their existence until afterwards; but many were taken by our soldiers. Upon the whole, I saw little or no plunder of any intrinsic value. Yesterday afternoon, at the close of the battle, a number of fresh French regiments were brought up, and, as they passed

over the field, I saw men falling out, and stripping the fallen of everything valuable.

To-day the order of the camp was changed; some French troops were brought up to the right, and encamped near the Guards. All day, the dead horses were being drawn out of camp, down the Inkerman road, and thrown into the ravine, below the picket barrier. To each dead horse, six live ones were attached. Some of the Russians, who had been only slightly wounded yesterday, managed to crawl off, and get down to the plain, where we could not follow them; and they were picked up by their own outposts. However, they were no loss, as we have plenty without them, and wounded men are an encumbrance.

November 7th.—The army has received an order to fight in their red coats in the day-time. This is as it should be. On the 5th, they were turned out so early and so suddenly, that the men had not time to take off their great-coats; and the consequence was, that on account of the fog and smoke, the French, and even ourselves, had great difficulty, at times, in distinguishing friend from

foe; and it is said that the French did accidentally fire into our men. The Russian soldiers also knowing that our uniform is *red*, and not seeing it, thought that it was against Turks and irregular corps that they had to contend; and this, no doubt, was one reason why they advanced so pluckily up to our guns. They excuse themselves for bayoneting our wounded, by saying they took them for Turks, who always wore their great-coats; and the Turks, they declared, used to bayonet the wounded Russians in the campaign on the Danube.

The dead horses are now beginning to smell rather offensive, and the camp is not yet clear of them. The wounded Russians are being rapidly brought in; they are laid in rows and columns, in various parts of the camp, and attended by the surgeons. Near the hospital tents, where amputations take place, legs and arms are lying about in all directions. I went, to-day, to the hospital of the 95th, and saw a soldier whom I knew well, and who had been wounded, lying on the ground, with his head resting on his wife's lap. I had not seen her since she left England. She recog-

nized me directly, and said, "Ah! sir, you are a strange gentleman to stay here, when you can go away as soon as you like." I replied by asking what brought *her* out; and she told me, that she had been at the camp at Chobham, and thought that this would be much the same!

The wounded Russians who have been brought in cover a great extent of ground; and there are so many dead that single bodies go for nothing. Some distance inside the camp and close by the side of the road—still lies the mangled body of a rifleman, who was killed on the 5th by a shell bursting between his legs. The body of a Russian lay until recently, *in* the road; and artillery and waggon-wheels were constantly passing over it. Another Russian with his head off—lies inside the breastwork, close to the tents; and a lot of Turks are sitting round and smoking! This is late in the day, but people have not time to take trouble about single bodies, while there are wounded about, and the position requires fortifying.

Pits are being dug for the dead—generally

in the valleys where the ground is soft, and easily turned; for on the hills it is very stony and difficult to work. The bodies are thrown into bullock-arabas and mule-carts as if they were logs of wood. Two men take a corpse by the arms and legs, and throw it in, where a man stands to pile them properly; they are drawn down to the graves and laid in heaps on the ground outside. They are put in the graves, head and feet alternately—generally two deep; but the bodies which are bent and contorted do not pack well. When the men who stand in the graves tread on a corpse—as must frequently happen—a quick ear detects a dull sound, which I cannot describe, and must leave to the imagination of the reader.

The Russians are generally put into separate pits; while the French and English are buried together; and I notice that our soldiers do not appear to like putting a dead Russian in the same cart with English or French. Since the battle, non-commissioned officers of different regiments, have been going over the field, turning over bodies and endeavouring

to find such men of their corps as are missing, and even searching in the graves before the soil is filled in. The largest and the greatest number of pits are dug in the valley between Shell Hill and the Careening Bay ravine. I passed there late in the evening; a great number of Russian corpses were lying on the bank, ready for interment. A string of Maltese mule-carts had just arrived, laden with dead; the working parties had marched home, and there were only the drivers to unload the cargo, which they seemed afraid to touch, and jabbered away at each other, gesticulating violently, as Maltese always do. I advised them to tilt the carts, which they did, and the Russians rolled out in heaps. The Turks were employed to drag the Russians from the Sand-bag battery to the nearest graves. They fastened a cord to their legs, and hauled them along the ground, with their heads bumping against the bushes and stones. It is said that some Russians were buried before they were quite dead. There is a story that a staff-officer met two soldiers carrying a Russian to be buried, and the

supposed corpse groaned. He asked where they were going to take him, as the man was alive, upon which one of them answered and said—"Sure then, your honour, and he is; but me and this man have considered, and we find it is a hopeless case!"

Our men are now breaking up the Russian firelocks, and using the stocks for fuel. Yesterday my dinner was cooked with them. *Côtelettes à la fusil Russe* would be rather a novelty in our cookery books.

The next battle I am present to see, if I can I will take my watch and note-book, and mark down every detail as it occurs; for afterwards, as events become foreshortened in one's memory, one is apt to forget many incidents essential to a correct recollection of the scene. I have seen enough in the past three days, to last a regular sight-seer for a month at least.

Moonlight night. About eight p.m., there was an alarm. The artillery bridled, and prepared to turn out; but soon all was again quiet.

CHAPTER IX.

ON BOARD THE AGAMEMNON.

November 8th.—THE work of burying still goes on, and will not be finished for some days yet. The Russians have occasionally, every day since the battle, sent up shells from the ships and the Inkerman lighthouse-battery, on to the field of battle. They always fire at any people they see mounted. A good many wounded Russian horses are still limping about on the hills beyond our pickets. There being no more to see in camp at present, I went down in the afternoon to Balaklava, taking my things, and established myself for the night on board a ship in the

harbour. On my way down, I met the 46th regiment marching to the front. As they passed the Zouaves camp, the band of the latter turned out and played. The 46th had landed from the *Prince*, and, in their new clothing and pipeclay, showed a great contrast to their war-worn comrades. A wet night in the trenches or on outlying picket, will take it all off.

9*th*.—The *Agamemnon* is anchored some two miles off the mouth of the harbour. Accepting the invitation of a friend, I went on board to stay for three or four days. I had the luxury of a cot slung on the main-deck, and of undressing myself at night, for the first time since I left Constantinople. The ship is quite a floating hotel, and an asylum for sick officers, amateurs, and others; and few there are who have been on board, who will not bear testimony to the hospitality of Sir Edmund Lyons.

10*th*.—Wet. The *Vulcan* is anchored in the bay, with a number of Russian prisoners on board. I hear they have a predilection for oil, and abstract it from the lamps whenever

they have an opportunity. Their non-commissioned officers want to use the stick to them, saying that they can maintain no authority without it; but this is not allowed.

11*th.*—Very wet and stormy night; steam up, and the screw going.

12*th.*—Sunday. Blowing hard. The anchorage in Balaklava Bay being insecure, the *Agamemnon* left, and anchored off Kamiesch, in full view of the town and harbour of Sebastopol, of the Russian fleet, and our batteries. We left a great number of transports and steamers at anchor in Balaklava Bay, and some of the former were dragging their anchors. About six p.m., just after dark, there was a fight on shore between the Russians and the French—the former apparently made a sortie. It lasted about an hour, and then suddenly ceased. The discharge of guns, shells, and musketry was very sharp. There was a long line of musketry-fire from the Russians, and the flashing of the small-arms had a most beautiful effect in the dark. I could plainly see the lighted fuses of the shells after they had reached the ground, then the shell would

burst, the red flame lighting up the darkness for an instant. We were about two miles off shore, and the wind was strong, so that it was only now and then that we could hear even the report of the largest guns.

13*th.*—Rain and heavy sea all day.

14*th.*—Blowing a hurricane. Steam up; three anchors down; and the engines going half-speed or more. In the morning, the wind was so strong, that the sea did not get up; but later in the day the waves were tremendous. The weather was very thick; and, on shore, the batteries on both sides were nearly silent. Two French screw line-of-battle-ships anchored near, were also steaming. No communication could be held with the shore except by signal. Several French brigs broke adrift, or dragged their anchors, and went ashore. One stranded right under the Wasp battery, near Fort Constantine. They passed close to the *Agamemnon*, but no assistance could be afforded them. The sea ran so high, that, when half a mile away, they could only be seen now and then.

I cannot say I felt uneasy; indeed, I did not know how very bad the weather was until the gale began to abate. While it was at its height, I was at my breakfast in the ward-room, where I staid most of the day, except when I went near the funnel to warm myself—for it was very cold.

The *Agamemnon* pitched and rolled like a Calais mail-boat. The water poured in at the hawse holes, and flooded the lower-deck at every plunge she made; and as she again rose to the seas, the wind was driven with such a blast against the hatches over the screw-well, which is beneath the ward-room, as almost to tear them from their fastenings. Some midshipmen expressed their surprise to me that I was not sick. It is a weakness to which I seldom give way; but they did not consider that even in this heavy sea, the motion of so large a ship, as the *Agamemnon*, is not nearly so great or so distressing as that of a small one, in ordinarily bad weather. It was evident that the ships at Balaklava must have suffered greatly. Those anchored off the Katcha were too distant for us to see in such

weather how they fared. We also thought of the troops on shore, how they must have suffered. As I am writing a journal, and not a continuous history, I shall record the damage done, as I heard of it from time to time.

It is nonsense for anyone to say the gale came on suddenly; let the reader refer back, and notice how bad the weather had been for the last four days, and that ships were dragging their anchors when the *Agamemnon* left Balaklava.

The *Times* correspondent at the Fleet, wrote on the 1st of November, in reference to the weather at the time—that "it would be nearly impossible to keep at anchor with safety, if the wind was from the west or north-west." And what he knew, others might have known also.

15*th*.—Snow on the mountains inland, weather moderating, but the wind still strong and sea running high. About twelve vessels went on shore at the Katcha yesterday, the *Sampson* was dismasted and greatly injured by a collision, and a Turkish line-of-

battle-ship lost her masts. Our large ships were in great danger, but none were lost. The vessels which went ashore were sailing transports. At Balaklava, the wrecks were fearful. The *Prince*, screw steamer, with a quantity of warm clothing for the army and electric telegraph apparatus on board, went on shore near the entrance of the harbour and disappeared in a few minutes. Her mast had been cut away previously, and some of the rigging fouled the screw—so that it would not work; she then broke from her only anchor, having lost two a few days before, as many say, owing to some carelessness, for the cables were not clinched, and ran out of the hawse holes. Among those lost, are the *Resolute*, powder ship, and the *Rip Van Winkle* and *Kenilworth*. The loss of life was very great—only six were saved out of the *Prince;* and there were upwards of one hundred on board at the time.

I must say, that this loss, or the most serious part of it, is attributable to our own mismanagement; for all ships with stores on board, should *at once*, on their arrival, have

gone into the harbour of Balaklava; and those which had discharged should have come out to make room for them. The *Prince* especially, full of most requisite stores, essential to the comfort and health of the army, was left outside, with only *one* anchor, and the anchorage known to be insecure.

17*th*.—About seven a.m., just as it was getting light, the Russians sunk another two-decker at the mouth of the harbour. Perhaps, they did this, as the heavy swell for the last few days might have broken up or moved the ships already there. At all events, it shows that they are determined to defend themselves to the last extremity, and wait for the winter and snow, looking forward for a second edition of 'Moscow.' I am certain that not one of the Russian ships will ever leave the harbour of Sebastopol; for they will blow them up, and destroy everything else, rather than allow them to fall into our hands; so our sailors will have to forego the pleasure of seeing the *Vladimir* tow the *Twelve Apostles* into Spithead!

The French line-of-battle ship, *Henri IV.*,

went on shore on the 14th, at Eupatoria, but remained upright and firmly embedded in sand. The captain got some guns on shore, and erected a battery to keep off the Russians. A Turkish ship of the line was totally lost there. Some of the ships anchored at the Katcha have been set on fire, either by ourselves or the Russians, and, every evening, may be seen burning brightly.

A Polish officer has been taken, and says that the Russians lost twenty-five thousand men, *hors de combat* and missing, on the 5th of November. This more than corroborates my opinion of the amount of their loss.

18*th*.—From the ship I can see that we are making new works on the right of our position on the battle-field of Inkerman, on the Knoll, and near the Sand-bag battery; but it is only when the atmosphere is clear, that they can be seen plainly. The Inkerman battery is constantly firing in that direction, apparently at the working parties.

As usual of late—there is very little firing going on from our batteries, or from the enemy, except from the battery just men-

tioned. For the last two days, the ship has been going back to Balaklava, and each morning the anchor has been weighed with much labour and music—fifes and fiddles, and the banging of a brass band—and let go again soon afterwards. I am getting weary of remaining so long on board ship, lying at anchor with nothing to do but look through a telescope at the shore and batteries—and nothing to see there except occasional puffs of smoke when a gun is fired—in the distance looking like heather burning on a mountain—and to observe the Russian ships with their ensigns flying, snug in the harbour out of reach of storms and our shot. Besides—undressing every night to go to bed, and sleeping between blankets, having fresh bread, and eating a regular dinner off a table-cloth—are all calculated to make one luxurious, and unfit for life in camp.

19*th.*—Sunday—Admiral Bruat came on board, and brought some news. The French had taken a Russian surgeon, who says that the Russian army is very badly fed, and unhealthy from lying out on the wet ground,

without any covering—that the cholera has again broken out in Sebastopol—and that their soldiers are deserting in numbers.

21*st.*—At last made a start for Balaklava. Arrived there before noon and anchored outside. The scene under the rocks was wonderful. They were lined with the wrecks of the vessels driven on shore the day of the gale; and in places their remains lay in large heaps—from a piece of a mast, to a bit of wood no larger than a match-box—at a little distance there appeared to be nothing but heaps of chips! In the harbour, all the ships were more or less damaged, as they had been dashed against each other by the force of the wind. Some had lost their masts outside, and had been towed in afterwards; some had lost their rudders—others their figure-heads and bulwarks, and one vessel had sunk in the harbour and her masts just appeared above water.

The *Avon*, West India steamer, had slipped from her anchor during the gale, and run in, coming in collision with many other vessels, and cannoning from one to another like a bil-

liard ball. Of course, she received and did much damage.

I cannot ascertain how many lives were lost on the 14th, as accounts are so contradictory; but very few were saved. Went on shore for a short time, but there was such a sea of mud in and about Balaklava, that I did not go any distance, having only one pair of boots in the Crimea! The gale of the 14th must have been an unusual one. There were a row of large Lombardy poplar trees in Balaklava, of many years' growth, and most of them have been blown down.

CHAPTER X.

RETURN TO CAMP.

November 22*nd.* — LANDED from the *Agamemnon*, sent my things to camp in a commissariat cart, and walked up. The road was horribly muddy. Got there at one o'clock p.m. and put up for the night with the Light Division, being a central situation. As soon as I got to the front, I went on up to the Second Division, and on to the field of battle. It was still covered with the *débris* of the fight—caps, belts, and pieces of clothing, and some rusty gun-barrels. Anything worth having, or fit for fuel, had been carried away, and the dead had been long since buried, ex-

cepting some which were lying far down in the valley, where our parties could not go. The number of Russians buried under the superintendence of Colonel Herbert, Assistant-Quarter-master-General of the Second Division—amount to three thousand four hundred; and three hundred and forty of these have been put into a lime-kiln in the ravine below the picket-barrier. The ground has a far different appearance to what it had when I left. On the ridge near the camp, we have mounted three 8-inch howitzers, and three 18-pounders. A little further on, the French have erected a square redoubt just above the Sand-bag battery, with four large ship-guns; and some sailors are encamped inside to work them. The French now find the pickets about there; and to the left of the Sand-bag battery, have constructed another one. On the Knoll we are making a redoubt, and a battery in front commanding the harbour; and on the hill to the right of this the French are making another redoubt with a road to it from the picket-barrier—so that the position will soon be impregnable. The French work is beautiful.

In the art of war, we are mere children and bunglers compared to them! Their arrangements are excellent. When we were alone on the right, we neglected to fortify the ridge, leaving our right flank unprotected. As soon as they came to that part of the position, they erected strong field-works.

While our men have nothing but their ordinary inferior great coats to wear in this dismal weather—the French have for their men white sheepskin coats, warm and neat-looking, in addition to their usual clothing. They have made preparations for the winter, and we have not; they are making huts, and we are doing next to nothing. Their superiority as soldiers is so manifest, that one cannot help noticing it; and General Canrobert looks after things himself, and may be constantly seen riding about the camp.

I dined with some friends in the 95th. To-day the regiment consists of one captain, commanding — one acting adjutant — two subalterns—and between three or four hundred men—the remainder are either sick, wounded, or dead. As the officers are few

in proportion to the men, the duty is so severe upon them that they hardly ever pass two successive nights in their tents.

The day of the gale nearly every tent was blown down. Luckily it happened in the morning, but it was misery complete. Yet this was not the worst. The ships containing the officers' baggage and the men's knapsacks, were wrecked in the gale; it is not possible to repair their loss, and they must remain in a destitute condition. On the hills above Balaklava, not only were tents blown down, but even blown away, and men were blown down too, and a colonel of marines was very much hurt.

Until lately there has been no bugling or band-playing in our camp, owing to some misunderstanding of orders; but Lord Raglan has now desired that bands shall play whenever commanding officers think fit. Nothing can cheer men in a place like this more than music, and they used to assemble in crowds to listen to the French bands. The French never cared a straw for the 'Moscoves,' and their bugles used to sound at *reveille* and retreat regularly.

After dark a number of drafts arrived for regiments in camp. There are few I see here who would not eagerly leave the service, if they could do so with honour, and my friends consider me a most enviable being.

I stayed late at the Second Division camp; the night was pitch dark, the ground muddy, and the road indistinguishable except by feeling it. I lost my way several times, and got into the bushes. I was on the point of turning back, but I struggled on, and after great difficulty managed to reach the tent I occupied in the Light Division. Soon after I lay down, it came on to blow hard, and the rain fell in torrents. I remained awake, expecting the tent to come down every minute, as it vibrated with each gust; but it stood bravely, and I was not sorry when morning broke.

23*rd*. — Thick, foggy morning. Clouds hanging low on all the hills, and every prospect of a drenching day. From the rain of last night, the ground is saturated with water, and anything like locomotion about the camp is out of the question, except on horseback. I had intended to remain, but, such being the case, I shall retreat.

Truly, the troops here are martyrs; for the wretchedness they undergo has not often been equalled, and rarely surpassed, for a continuance. Up to this time, they have been well rationed, which has covered a multitude of other evils. As I could do nothing by remaining in camp, I looked out for the first vehicle going to Balaklava. I had not long to wait, for an artillery waggon, drawn by eight horses, passed by very soon, going down for forage. I jumped up, having had no time for breakfast. It rained the greater part of the way down. The road was deep in mud, all broken up, full of holes and ruts, and in many places only passable for carts and waggons with light loads. It took about two hours and a half to go seven miles, and several times the waggon was almost upset. The road was *jammed*, in places, with arabas and mule-carts, going up to camp with provisions. Artillery and gun-carriages were there also, some drawn by twenty horses. Over such bad ground, even thirty horses—half-starved, as they now are—are frequently unable to draw a heavy gun. If something is not done, the

road will soon become impracticable. There appears to be a general want of forethought in the management of our affairs out here; at least, those who have it are not in a position to use it.

Those whose business it was, have evidently overlooked the fact, or did not know that a mud road, which, in dry weather, was as hard as a brick, would break up, after a few hours' rain, into an impassable sludge. This was evident to all who knew the country, for it is the same in Turkey.

Although there was neither time nor means to make a new road, still I cannot but think that something effective might have been done to improve the existing one. The mud was certainly very deep at the surface, but there was a substratum of rock, and faggot-wood and stone were close at hand. There was also labour, for there were plenty of Turks who were not employed in the trenches, except to a very small extent; and they might, by feeding them, and placing them under proper overseers, have been made to exert themselves—under the direction of officers who knew something of road-making, and there are plenty of such men in the army.

CHAPTER XI.

CONSTANTINOPLE AND SCUTARI.

I WANDERED about in search of a ship to go to, when I luckily met an old acquaintance, and went with him on board the *Sanspareil*, anchored in the harbour. Here I had the luxury of a cabin to sleep in—a dark one, certainly, even in the day time; for, during the action of the 17th of October, off Fort Constantine, a shell had come through the scuttle, and burst inside, and the hole had been stopped with wood. The ship altogether looked war-worn. The funnel was full of patches; the quarter-gallery had been shot

away; the ward-room was marked with the scars of shell, and pieces of shell were still sticking in the wood-work—besides marks of shot all over the ship.

November 24th.—Very wet. All wandering about is now out of the question; and, as the weather shows no sign of improving, I shall go to Constantinople by the first opportunity. The new Staff Corps landed yesterday and to-day, looking fat and fresh, dressed in red frock coats, and with sleek-coated horses. Some Turks are employed in landing guns and shot.

25th.—A most dismal day. Blowing hard and raining in torrents. Went ashore, and up to the camp of the 93rd Highlanders, just outside Balaklava. Here I staid for shelter for a long time, and was told that on the 25th of October, when the Turks ran away, many of them stopped in time to plunder some of the tents, which they did most effectually, of eatables and whatever they could lay their hands on.

In the plain are numbers of large dogs, which feed on the dead horses, killed at the

cavalry action, near Balaklava. In the day time they run away from anyone; but at night are very savage.

The Russian troops are plainly seen from outside the town, and are not more than a mile and a half, as the crow flies, from our lines. On one hill is our vidette, and on an opposite hill, not far distant, is a Cossack vidette. The street of Balaklava and the road is a sheet of liquid mud, very deep. I never saw anything like it before; the ground will not be dry again for the winter, except during hard frost.

26*th.*—Sunday. Got a passage in a man-of-war steamer going to the fleet at the Katcha, and then to Constantinople. On board I heard some accounts of the 'gale' of the 14th. The *Retribution* was at anchor outside the harbour during the gale, with the Duke of Cambridge on board, and being to leeward of the entrance, was unable to run in. They had to throw the guns and sixteen tons of shot which were on the upper deck overboard, except one of the largest of the former, which broke loose, and injured several men, and

after great difficulty was 'jammed' with hammocks and secured. She lost her rudder, was struck by lightning, parted from all her anchors except one, which was broken and foul, and drifted very near to the rocks, being only saved by a miracle. Next morning, she was towed into the harbour.

The scene outside during the gale was described as being awful. As soon as a ship touched the rocks, she broke up, and in a few minutes nothing could be seen but chips floating about. The master of the *Pride of the Ocean*, a fine American-built clipper, told me that he cut away his masts, drifted into the breakers, and was only saved by the offset from the rocks. The *Kenilworth* went ashore, and some of her crew managed to get into a cave, but were afterwards washed out, one by one, except two or three, including a little boy named William Wiggins, who was hauled up the cliff, and taken and entered on board the *Sanspareil*. The *Rip Van Winkle* went on the rocks, broke asunder amidships, and stem and stern were raised up and nearly met, the latter crowded with her crew. The

next wave swallowed up ship and men. Numbers of bodies drifted into the harbour many days after, nearly all naked. Some had air-belts on, many were much lacerated, and frequently pieces of bodies were floating about the ships. They were generally buried by the sailors from the men-of-war. The *Retribution* alone buried twenty-seven.

Left Balaklava about four p.m.; arrived at the Katcha after dark, and anchored.

27*th.*—At two p.m., sailed for Constantinople. A great number of Russian troops on shore near the Katcha. They are making an entrenched camp, outside the large fort, on the north side of Sebastopol harbour.

29*th.*—Blowing hard against us all morning, and making bad way. Entered the Bosphorus about ten. Anchored in the Golden Horn—went ashore, and established myself at Missirie's Hotel — as usual, full of English and French officers; many of them sick or wounded, fighting their battles over—not the second, but, perhaps, for the twentieth time. It is now quite the 'Alliance and United Service Club of Constantinople.'

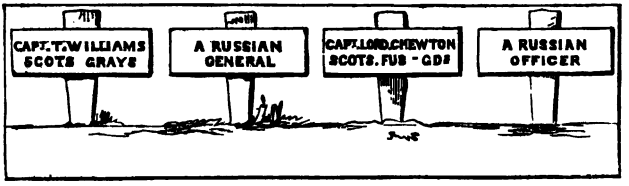
December 7th.—To the hospitals at Scutari. At this time of year, it is quite a day's work to go over there, see the sick and wounded, and return. There are many days, when it is so wet and stormy, that one cannot get across at all. Besides the rooms in the two large hospitals, the corridors and passages are full; the beds being ranged on each side, with an open space down the centre. Many wounded officers complain of their being kept awake at night by the barking of the dogs outside. I heard the same complaint when the army was out here, eighteen months ago; and then the officers used to turn out in the evening, hunt the dogs from under the piles of timber, where they lay, and shoot them with revolvers as they bolted!

Miss Nightingale, and the nurses under her directions, are doing incalculable benefit to the sick and wounded. How they would have fared without her, it is painful to think. Mr. Macdonald, also, who so ably and judiciously manages the fund entrusted to him by the *Times*, may justly claim a large amount of gratitude from all who take a becoming interest in the state of our hospitals here.

17*th.*—Sunday. Over to Scutari—saw the daily funeral take place about three o'clock p.m. Twenty-three were buried in one grave; also a Russian officer who had a coffin and grave to himself. The bodies were stitched up in canvass, like flitches of bacon, and brought out in two loads tied on an araba, drawn by two oxen. The first load consisted of the Roman Catholics—who were put at the bottom of the pit dug to receive them; the priest read the funeral service and then some earth was thrown in—the weight, as it fell, making their rigid limbs quiver. The Protestants were next brought out, and laid in a layer above; and when the service had been performed the pit was filled. Many of them had died from wounds, and the blood had stained the canvass. Two soldiers stood in the pit, and while putting in and packing the bodies, had frequently to tread on them—a sight not at all pleasant—although one knew it could cause no pain. There was the usual 'firing party'—so called—in attendance, but they did not fire—either because it might disturb the patients, or because they had no blank ammunition. The

former is a good reason for its omission; and the latter a bad one—for blank-cartridge might easily be got from Malta, or from the Turks.

The above may be considered as applying to every funeral which takes places at Scutari; as well as to the one which I saw. Officers have the privilege of a coffin, made of thin boards and gaping at the seams—and of separate graves. At the head of each grave a board is placed with the name of the deceased upon it, as a distinguishing mark.



The average number of deaths daily, is now about twenty; and they are buried in one grave. The burial ground is on the *edge* of the cliff, between the hospital and the Sea of Marmora, and the waves wash its base.

21*st*.—Torrents of rain. It is most difficult to get anything done in this filthy Pera. The tradesmen won't work except when they like,

and have so much to do, that they do not care for orders, and turn out bad work at enormous prices. The bootmakers have the most business, as long boots are now essential to everyone's comfort, both here and in the Crimea; and officers will pay almost any price for them. They cost double the price or more, than they did twelve months ago. An acquaintance of mine bought twenty pairs of the large over-boots, which are worn here in wet weather, for twenty-five pounds, considerably more than their value. He took them up to Balaklava, and, in a very short time, sold them for sixty pounds, thereby realizing a profit of thirty-five pounds. This will show the price articles in request command.

CHAPTER XII.

THE TURKS.

PERA is a nasty place at any time, particularly in winter, and nothing would make me stay here, except to be at hand, and watch events in the Crimea, as I intend to be in at the *finish;* but it is useless going up there at present, as there is nothing going on, and the weather is detestable. Of late there has been great difficulty even in getting up the rations from Balaklava to the camp, and sometimes the troops have been on short allowance. Wooden houses are being sent out for them, but when they will be up in the camp it is impossible to say, as they cannot well be got

further than Balaklava until the railway is made; but *that* will not be done for the next three months, and the huts will be erected about the time the winter is over, and half the army dead for want of them. Our cavalry and other horses are dying fast from insufficient food and want of shelter against the inclemency of the weather.

Dec. 23*rd.*—The French have now a strong force in Constantinople and Turkey. Here they have their own police, a good number of convalescents, and some artillery. They have a cavalry force at Adrianople, and troops at Gallipoli.

A French officer said, the other day, to an Englishman, who afterwards told me—when both were refused admission to a mosque, because they had no firman—that the time was not far distant, when the French would be issuing firmans to the Turks!

I think the game is pretty well up with the latter. It appears as if the sick man would be finished by his friends sooner than by his foe, who would have let him quietly go off, before he secured his property.

"Only send away the French and the English, and we do not mind the Russians coming," is now the cry of the ease-loving Pashas, and there is something in what they say. If the Russians occupied the country, the Pashas would no doubt have their wealth and their harems, live idly and uselessly as before, and be allowed to oppress their inferiors for the remainder of their lives; and that is all they care about. On the other hand, their *friends* dislike and despise them; and shortly will put the whole of them under compulsion, and govern their country, dealing with them as they have dealt to others—'With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.'

The Turkish *power* is even now extinct. Their fleet is virtually gone; for they have lost seventeen ships in the last year, and what remain are only fit to lie at anchor in the Bosphorus, for they are of no use when they go to sea, which they only dare do in fine weather. Their army is no better. They have lost a hundred thousand men since the commencement of the war. It is now very

much reduced, and they have greatly exhausted their means of supply of men. Turkey will ever be Turkey, and Turks will be there, but no longer as the dominant race; and they know it! It is palpable to anyone who has been here for a month, and considered the subject; and it is useless for philo-Turks, who have never been in the country, to attempt to prove the contrary.

Under other rule, they perhaps may improve; but under their own—never.

The Turks certainly fought well at Silistria, under Nasmyth and Butler; but, if the Russians had only charged half as well as they did at Inkerman, they would have taken it. The Russians did not raise the siege because they could not take the place, for that was merely a matter of time; but because they feared the advance of the Allied army would compel them to do so; and, moreover, the Austrian army was about to occupy the Principalities.

The Sultan went to see the Duke of Cambridge at the British Embassy, where he has been staying some days. This is a great

piece of condescension on the part of the former, and gives great offence to the Turks—who consider the 'Padischah,' as chief of all the sovereigns of the earth.

25*th*.—There are now about a hundred casualties daily in our army in the Crimea. The sick are carried down by the French in mule panniers—as our ambulances are employed in taking provisions up to the camp, and our heavy-cavalry also do the same duty. The French have to assist us in bringing up our ammunition. One of their battalions was marched down to Balaklava, and came back every man carrying a large shell or round shot.

26*th*.—To Scutari. A large English transport, No. 119, caught fire while at anchor in the Bosphorus, was towed down and beached just under the barracks at Scutari, where she burnt down to the water's edge. The days are now so short that very little can be done. One may do as much in two summer days, as in a week at this time of year.

The following is posted up in the hospital at Scutari for the information of the soldiers—

Extract of a letter from Her Majesty—

"Windsor Castle.

"December 6th, 1854.

"Would you tell Mrs. Herbert—that I begged she would *let me see frequently* the accounts she receives from Miss Nightingale or Mrs. Bracebridge—as *I hear* no *details of the wounded*; though I see so many letters of officers, &c., about the battle-field, and naturally they must interest *me* more than anyone. Tell Mrs. Herbert, also—that I wish Miss Nightingale and the ladies would *tell* these poor noble wounded and sick men—that NO ONE takes a warmer interest—or feels more for their sufferings—or admires their courage and heroism MORE than their Queen.

"Day and night she thinks of her beloved troops. So does the Prince.

"Beg Mrs. Herbert to communicate these, my words, to those ladies—as I know that *our* sympathy is much valued by these noble fellows.

(Signed) "VICTORIA."

General Beatson, now living in Pera, has been commissioned by the Duke of Newcastle to enlist and raise five thousand Bashi Bozouks, as irregular cavalry, to be paid by the British Government, and officered by Englishmen. Now I venture to predict that it will turn out a failure, for several reasons, which I do not choose to publish. The surest plan to do anything with them,

would be to remove them away from Turkey, and the influences of their religion, and, consequent intolerant ideas about Mussulmen and Giaours. If they can be de-nationalized they may be turned to some account; but it will be a work of time.

The brevet which lately came out has caused great discontent and disgust, even to me, to whom it does not matter the least. Promotion is given for '*distinguished service in the field.*' All staff-officers, without exception, if they have attained the rank of captain, are promoted; and many of them have hardly been in action—either at Alma or Inkerman —while the regimental-officers receive nothing, unless they commanded or succeeded to the command of their regiments in action, for which there has been long established precedent; and it must be admitted that the regimental-officers have distinguished themselves in the field, at least as much as the staff, who have extra pay, little or no night work, and sure promotion. It appears to me that in England the rewards are given in inverse ratio to the services. Those who do

the most are generally inadequately remunerated; while others, who have deserved least, frequently, through all-powerful Humbug, receive the greatest recompense. We are always going into extremes. Giving an ensigncy to a sergeant of every regiment in the Crimea is an absurdity; for at the time there may be no sergeant in a regiment fit for the appointment, and a man may be thrust into a position for which he is quite unsuited. If an ensign's commission was always given to a deserving and fit soldier—whether he were private, corporal, or sergeant—it would be another thing; but the present way of doing it is, to say the least of it, a great mistake.

I think it is the Duke of Newcastle, who says, in the debate on the Foreign Legion Bill, that England, in the beginning of war, is obliged to have recourse to such expedients, because, unlike other nations, she has no 'army of reserve' to fall back upon.

If an army of reserve is wanted, now is the time to create it; but it might have been

better done when the Militia was re-established in 1852.

. Let such Militia regiments, or parts of them as are willing, volunteer into and become regiments of the 'army of reserve,' with such numbers or denominations as may be suitable. Let them be clothed, armed, and equipped on the most improved and approved principles, and the officers' commissions *not to be saleable.* These regiments may go to the colonies, the seat of war, or anywhere else; but, of course, officers of the reserve cannot exchange with those of the line, unless the latter choose to forfeit the price of their commissions, which they are not very likely to do. That difficulty even might be got over, for the officer of reserve might pay the linesman the price of the commission, if the exchange were sanctioned by the authorities. In time of peace, the reserve might receive furloughs; of course, giving up their full pay, or be transferred to the active army as vacancies occurred. My plan may be a bad one, and no doubt there are many far better; but I have no doubt that if it or any other measure of army reform,

no matter how good, were proposed, some official would at once throw cold water on it, and say it could not be carried into effect. Some man whose ideas are confined, and consequently attaches great importance to writing voluminous official letters, and tying them up in red tape!—ever going round in one dull routine.

But I do not believe that we shall ever arrive at any effective or comprehensive system of army reform, until promotion by purchase is abolished. No doubt there are many arguments in its favour, but there are far more against it. I shall not now enter into that question. One great argument in its favour appears to be the supposed difficulty of getting rid of it. To me there seems to be no difficulty at all. If it is not expedient at once to buy up all commissions, it might be proclaimed to the army, that after a certain fixed time no commissions obtained without purchase were to be again sold, and that all other commissions would be bought in at the regulation price, as their possessors wished to dispose of them; and if a proper system of allowances

for old officers on retirement was established, promotion would go on as fast, and far more impartially, than it ever did.

Before the commencement of the war, there were many regiments in the service, in which there were old officers, who were anxious to retire; while their juniors, of course, wished to get them out of their way, for the sake of promotion; but the want of money was the difficulty. The old officers could not afford to leave under a certain sum—over and above the regulation price; having nothing but what they could make by their commissions to depend upon. This was often more than those for purchase could afford to give. So either the promotion was stopped for a time, or the officer, who wished to retire, exchanged into some other regiment—where he could realize the sum he required; and thereby his own regiment lost the promotion.

I think there are none who can consider it desirable to maintain this system of trafficking in commissions, which will commence again, in full vigour, whenever we have peace. It will not do to merely abolish the

purchase system, unless its abolition is *combined* with a proper retiring allowance, for officers who have served a certain time, to entitle them to receive it.

What appears to me to be one of our great mistakes in this business—is to expect that Austria is going to fight our battle, and take an *active* part against Russia. If England and France cannot 'shut up' Russia—they had better 'shut up' themselves—and take second rank in the scale of nations. They must fight the battle themselves, and not waste time in calling upon Austria and Prussia to help them. Those two countries cannot be expected to let themselves in for a quarrel which *they* cannot easily get out of; while England and France being remote, can withdraw at any time, and leave the others in the lurch, to shift for themselves.

CHAPTER XIII.

SCUTARI.

1855, *January 2nd.* — FROM every one coming down from Balaklava, one hears different accounts as to what is going on; but all agree in saying that the army is in as wretched a condition as it can be, and the daily average of sick is fast increasing. At Balaklava there is plenty of warm clothing and some huts; but from wrong management they have not yet got them up to the camp. The French, on the other hand, are partially hutted and snug, with abundance of provisions. A French countess was staying at Misserie's, and

she said the other day—"in England you are very rich, and you buy expensive luxuries and send them out to your troops, but they do not get them—while in France, we are not so rich—we buy common things for our soldiers, and they *do* get them—and that is what makes the difference."

The deaths at Scutari now average twenty-five daily, and one thousand a week is the average of casualties at the camp. The sick are being brought down here in great numbers, even faster than accommodation can be provided for them. I fully expect that the greater part of the army will pass through hospital, and the number of deaths will be immense. We have nothing but bad weather to look forward to for the next two months, and in what state the army will then be it is painful to think. Where, even now, is that magnificent and unequalled army which was assembled here last summer, the pride of every Englishman, and the admiration of all who saw them? Some are left, a few comparatively have perished by the hand of the enemy, but by far the greater number have perished

from disease, consequent upon neglect and mismanagement. I hear daily—hourly—no end of stories about the mistakes and incapacity of people in office, but I do not choose to record things I do not *know* to be correct.

In the camp mud is everywhere, and lots of misery. No locomotion practicable except on horseback, and all the horses dying, as they say, from cold and starvation! The Turks, too, are dying in great numbers, from a sort of fever they have among them; not that they are any very great loss to us, but they *might* be put to a better use.

There can be no place where one spends so much time and money as in Pera, and getting so little return for either. The streets are always dirty, cold, and damp, for they are so narrow that at this time of year the sun never shines upon them, and the wind rushes through them like a tunnel.

5th.—Snowing fast all day, and the ground covered. Should the snow be deep in the camp, and remain for any time, it is quite possible that our army may be very short of provisions, as they will not be able to get them

up; besides, the extreme cold will knock up an extra number of them, with such weakened frames and constitutions as they have got, and insufficient clothing and shelter. A French officer said to a friend of mine yesterday—"Your army is magnificent — officers and soldiers are first-rate—but your staff is good for nothing; and the men are now perishing from their inability and neglect." I myself constantly hear Frenchmen saying that our army is admirable, but they always express a contempt for its management. Of course the junior staff-officers had no more to do with the shortcomings than I had, and are exempt from all blame or censure.

6th.—Over to Scutari. The mortality is greatly on the increase, chiefly from diarrhœa and dysentery. There is also typhus fever. The men are much too crowded.

One of the great wants at Constantinople and at Balaklava is an agent, solely to receive, take charge of, and forward parcels for public purposes, and for officers; at present, there is no one to do it, and very many parcels sent from England never arrive at their destina-

tion—most of them not until long after their time, when they are frequently too late to be of use. There are now parcels without end lying in the Custom-house at Galata, and any one could steal them by a judicious application of 'backshish' to the douaniers; but the *great* difficulty is to find the particular package sought for, as the place is so crowded, that it may be buried under vast piles of goods, and be absolutely inaccessible. As there is no proper agent to look after them, there they remain, although their contents may be most urgently required. It is a great mistake for people in England to imagine that all the parcels they dispatch come safely to hand. They are put on board a ship, addressed to the care of some merchant or other, Constantinople. If he chooses to receive them, he does so, and puts them in his store, taking no further trouble; if not, they are sent to the Custom-house. At Balaklava it is as bad, or worse. Parcels and packages, without end, are taken up there in steamers, and never landed, because there is no one to receive them. Wooden huts, huge bales of clothing, &c., are stated

to be now lying about the beach at Balaklava, for want of the proper means of getting them up to camp.

[This evil has since been remedied; Messrs. Wheatley have established an office of their own at Galata. There are also army parcel offices in Constantinople and Balaklava, and parcels may be now sent out, without any risk of loss.]

Suleiman Pasha and Halil Bey, who left the Turkish army, in the Crimea, without leave, under pretence of sickness, have been tried by a council of war, found guilty, degraded from their rank, and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the Island of Candia. The sentence was promulgated by the Seraskier with much ceremony. "This is Suleiman, once called Suleiman Pasha. This is Halil, once called Halil Bey," are among the words used by him on the occasion. The brass plate was taken off their fez-caps, and the buttons from the coat, and they were, what we should call, 'drummed out;' but it is by no means unlikely that they will be restored to rank and favour long before their

term of punishment has expired—for such is the custom of Turkey!

There is one thing which has been ever present to my mind, from the first day I landed in the Crimea. I speak of the fortitude with which our army—officers as well as men—have sustained the great hardships and sufferings to which they have been exposed. I never heard a murmur; and they submitted with cheerfulness to the greatest privations whenever they knew they were necessary or unavoidable, but they justly and naturally complained of the imbecility of those through whose ignorance and obstinacy they have undergone so much unnecessary suffering. But amid all their distress their courage is unsubdued. I look back with pride upon the years I passed in the army, and am glad to feel, though having sold my commission in a time of profound peace, and now, contrary to my own wishes, unemployed, I am still, in spirit, a soldier.

The deaths are now about fifty a day at Scutari alone. Numbers are brought down from the Crimea frost-bitten; some of the

men have had both feet amputated. The casualties are so numerous, that the strength of the army is scarcely greater than it was two months ago, notwithstanding the numbers that have arrived during that time.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CRIMEA.

January 19th. — I STARTED in the *Oscar*, screw-steamer, for Balaklava. She was laden with warm clothing, parcels for officers, iron for the coal mines at Kosloo in Asia Minor, and a thousand barrels of powder; however, she ran aground on a bank near Beicos Bay, called the 'Englishman's Shoal'— and well named, from the number of English ships which stick there. With some assistance from the French frigate, *Belle Poule*, anchored off the tail of the shoal, she was got afloat again, after ten tons of coal had been thrown

overboard, and all the water started from the boilers. We then anchored for the night.

The *Belle Poule* was moored in such a position as to decoy unwary captains on to the shoal; but, then, she rendered every assistance to get them off again! Next morning we proceeded, and, after a beautiful passage of thirty hours—during which time the sea was as calm as a pond—arrived at Balaklava. A change had taken place in the arrangements of the ships in the harbour, since I went away; and great credit is due to Admiral Boxer, and Captains Heath and Powell, for the improvements they had carried out.

22*nd*.—Started early, and walked up to the camp. Liprandi's corps having been withdrawn, the Woronzoff road is open, and I went that way, by the telegraph station. The road and plain were full of baggage animals and soldiers, carrying planks, &c., up to the point, and 'labouring' under their burdens through the deep mud. I, having nothing to carry, found it hard work to get along, and it must have been much worse for them.

Arrived at the Second Division in three

hours, saw all my old friends, and went over the Inkerman ground. Russian caps, belts, pouches, &c., were still abundant. The dead horses in the ravine leading to the causeway and head of the harbour, are still uncovered, and, from their number, are quite a sight. The Inkerman light-battery is constantly firing at any people who show themselves on Shell Hill. The French have taken *all* the outpost duty on our right since yesterday, and occupy all the works there. Approaches are being made by them to Mount Sapoune, and the Malakhoff bastion. Got back to Balaklava late, after a hard day's work.

23*rd*.—Went up to the hill to the east of the harbour, where the Highlanders and Marines are encamped. They are tolerably well off for huts, which are sunk in the ground and warm. The huts of some of the officers are very ingenious structures, or rather, excavations; and do great credit to their possessors. Most of the men I see about, have some warm clothing, but few have long boots which are most requisite in this country, for they get their feet wet, and they never dry again.

Their feet swell and get frost-bitten, and the men are consequently useless, and a burden to others. Those lately arrived brought their long boots with them, but they are of inferior quality. The soldiers remind one of Falstaff's ragged regiment, and have a most motley appearance. Some have caps of seal's-skin, some of black, others of white wool. Some have long sheep-skin coats, others have short ones, all with the wool inside, and outside they are either white, or dyed black, brown, or green, and frequently with representations of flower-pots, and blossoms embroidered behind in bright colours.

Shakos can hardly be said to exist; the men throw them away and will not wear them —even draughts just landed, contrive to expend their shakos in a very short time. The reason is—that they are ill-adapted for service, and the wear of soldiers—if they were comfortable, the men would preserve them.

Green coffee is still served out. I saw men of the Rifles roasting it. Snow is still lying in patches about the ground. The weather is fine—it freezes at night, and thaws in the day;

for when the sun shows itself at this climate, it *really shines*, even at this time of year. Advantage is being taken of the weather to get huts and warm clothing up to camp. Another week will do a great deal, and I cannot but think the *worst* is over. Our great loss of men, and the hardships they have suffered are, in a great measure, owing to the want of transport. We had no wheel-road in the wet weather, and few mules to carry the provisions. Had it been thought of in time—mules might have been got in great numbers—and with common care would have withstood the weather; but what few there were, were left to the tender mercies of Maltese, Turks, Greeks, and other scoundrels, without any proper supervision—consequently they were neglected and perished, and the army perished also. It was quite after Franklin's saying—"For the sake of a nail the shoe was lost, &c."

Provisions are now in a great measure carried up to the front by fatigue-parties, and most fatiguing work it is, and wears the men out. They also carry up planks for the huts. One man can carry up one plank—one pony

or mule can take up four planks, thereby doing the work of four men. A mule will not cost above thirty or forty pounds, every expense included—and fresh ones may easily be obtained. A soldier costs the country considerably more than one hundred pounds; and is replaced with difficulty. This is *our* economical way of carrying on the war!

There is a story current—that a newly arrived aide-de-camp riding in haste up to camp, called to a soldier who was carrying provisions to the front, to get out of his way—the man, as he sukily complied, muttered aloud—"I am no longer a soldier, only a commissariat mule!"

25*th*.—The country to the west of Balaklava is covered with brushwood, and parties are out there making gabions. There used to be a fair lot of game towards the monastery, chiefly hares, woodcocks, and quails; but the French officers, and some of ours, have been out shooting so much lately, that they have cleared it all off. Plenty may be found on the other side, towards Kamara, but no one can venture far in that direction. The French

are at work, making a new road from Kadikoi to the Col de Balaklava. While the men are at work, a band plays to cheer them.

The harbour is full of cormorants and of fish too, I presume. The former are swimming among the ships in great numbers, and even flying through the rigging; they are very tame. There are also wild-fowl at the top of the harbour. I went out in one of the ship's boats, and soon shot three tufted ducks and a smew. I was then stopped, as firing in the harbour was not permitted, which I was not aware of previously. Thirty-two men of the 95th went sick this morning, leaving eighty for duty.

26*th*.—On shore, people are popping in all directions at gulls, cormorants, &c. On the beach, at the end of the town, and close to a lot of ships, a horse is left to die. It has evidently been there for some time. It cannot rise, and must perish from starvation. Hundreds of people pass to and fro; but no one takes any notice, and, as firing is forbidden, *I* cannot go and shoot it.

An office is now established for the recep-

tion and delivery of parcels for officers and men. It is said to have been originated by Lord Raglan, who, having lost one of his own parcels, felt the necessity of it.

27*th.*—Up the hill again. The Russian outposts showed rather strong towards Kamara. The French were busy cutting wood outside the lines for gabions. They march in a long string, an officer leading; and on these occasions the officers carry long walking-staffs. They are wonderful soldiers, and are always at work. Their encampments are like ant-hills; they are perpetually passing to and fro, and never return home from picket, or anywhere, *empty-handed*, always bringing wood or something to make themselves comfortable.

The railway was commenced to-day, in the vineyards just outside the town. One hundred and fifty soldiers of the 14th and 89th were employed as a working party, under the direction of a civil engineer. Some hundred Croats are to be brought from Constantinople, and employed as workmen, in addition to the navvies.

28*th.*—A great number of sick were brought

down to-day from the front, on French mule-panniers. Most of the poor wretches seemed past recovery, and so weak as to be perfectly helpless.

29*th.*—Started in the *Gottenburg* for Kosloo and Heraclea; the iron for the mines having been trans-shipped to this steamer from the *Oscar*. As she left the harbour, the *Lady Alice* was going in with the first cargo of navvies.

30*th.*—Sighted the land near Amaserah, and coasted along to Kosloo; the country well wooded, and some fine plains, but the coast generally high cliffs. The weather being too rough to land, we went on to Heraclea, about eighteen miles to the westward, and anchored in a sheltered bay. Went on shore to see Suleiman Bey, who was five years at Woolwich, and speaks English well. Of course, there was the usual ceremony of pipes and coffee.

During the gale of the 14th of November, fourteen vessels, chiefly small coasting craft, went ashore, or sunk in the bay. The town is small, very well situated on an elevated tongue of land; and, on the summit of the

hill on which the town is built, there is an old castle. The town has a pleasing appearance from the water, but is inhabited by Turks, and consequently dirty and stupid.

Mr. Barkly, the manager of the mines, who had been passenger in the *Gottenburg*, in consequence of being unable to land at Kosloo, had to ride there next day, over the mountains, a journey of some eighteen hours.

I intended, if we could have landed at the spot, to have remained some days with him; but gave up the idea, for the present, as, at this time of the year, the weather is so unfavourable, that there is very little communication, and I might have been obliged to remain much longer than would have been convenient. The iron before mentioned would have to be coasted round to Kosloo, in calm weather, in large caiques. Some months later I visited the mines, and, at that part of my journal, shall give a full account of them.

31*st.*—Seeing the bay full of wild-fowl, and other water-birds, I hired a large caïque and two Turks to row me about. As long as they would work I had good sport, but three

hours' labour was enough for them, and I could not induce them to continue. The large grebes of whose skins ladies' muffs and tippets are made, were plentiful. I killed several, but they were shy and difficult to approach. The Turks did not appreciate this sport, and I could not make them exert themselves at the right time—consequently I lost many birds I should otherwise have obtained.

Afterwards, I went up to the light-house, on a hill at the east side of the bay—it is a square, white tower, with a chamber at the top enclosed by glass, not in the best repair; the door is fastened by a bit of string. The lighting apparatus consists of a pan of oil and a few wicks floating about in it, with a brass dish as a reflector. It is, apparently, attended to by the people inhabiting a small town just below—a place muddy and dirty, but not more so than a settlement of the same sort in Ireland. The country about Heraclea is beautiful, consisting of mountains and fine valleys, well wooded, but only partially cultivated. There are pine trees, ever-green oaks, bay-trees, and myrtle in abundance, and mis-

tletoe and vines grow on the apple-trees near the houses.

February 1*st*.—In the morning, I had some more successful shooting, as long as the Turks would work. In the evening, the *Gottenburg* sailed for Constantinople. During the last two days, she had been discharging her cargo of iron, and taking in coals. Suleiman Bey, before mentioned, took a passage in her. He had been at Heraclea for nine months, without seeing his wife, who had remained in Stamboul, and he talked to me about her, evidently under the impression that he showed a proof of his European education and civilization, by so doing. The distance to Constantinople is about a hundred and ten miles, and we arrived there early the next morning. By land, the journey, at this time of year, would occupy five days, or more; for the only route is a track over the mountains, and, from the absence of bridges, there is often great difficulty in crossing the rivers.

9*th*.—Rode out with some friends, to show them the seven towers and old walls of Stamboul. Much change has taken place since I

first came to Turkey. All the boys cry, as one passes, "Bono Ingleez!" and the boys and the old women are generally the greatest bigots.

I cannot help feeling, when riding through Stamboul, as one of a conquering race, that bring a new era with them.

Stamboul is full of French soldiers; and, yesterday, we mounted a guard, composed of detachments, at Galata Serai, in Pera, to act as police. Our sentries relieved the Turkish sentries at the gate, and it will be long, I expect, before the Turks again take possession. The people stared at them, and the hairy caps of the Guards; for, hitherto, all our troops have been over at Scutari, and yesterday was their first appearance on this side of the water with their arms and accoutrements.

To the Turks it must cause mortification, unless they are too apathetic to feel it.

The French have got possession of the late palace of the Russian Embassy, and have opened it as a hospital for sick and wounded officers, including those Russians who have been made prisoners.

10*th*.—I have long been weary of Constantinople, and only remain because there is nowhere else to go to, so as to be within easy reach of the Crimea.

I have always kept myself ready to start anywhere at a few hours' notice. Major Fellowes, Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General, having come from Balaklava to purchase mules and baggage animals, as the foundation of a Transport Corps, had made a contract for the supply of a number of mules in Candia, and was going down there to inspect and receive them, and proposed to me to accompany him. So good a chance of seeing Candia was not to be rejected; accordingly, I closed with the offer without a moment's hesitation. It was just the thing I wanted, as in Pera there was nothing to do; and in the Crimea all would be at a stand-still for some time to come; and a week spent in a sunny climate, would be a pleasant variation to the wintry weather of Constantinople, at this time of year.

Accordingly, in the evening, we went on

board the *Trent*, the steamer appointed for the purpose, but did not sail until the next morning.

CHAPTER XV.

CANDIA.

THE passage occupied four days, during which time we lay off Candia for upwards of twenty hours in a thick fog, not being able to make the land. I do not intend to inflict upon my readers the details of a sea voyage, which are as tedious to write or read as they are to experience. I never find any variety in them. Excepting the changes of weather, they are as like to each other as are the waves. It may be very unsentimental, but I have no sympathy with those people who talk about the beauty of the open sea.

I have been shipmate with a great many

ladies, who, when on shore, would talk in raptures of the stormy ocean, and think me deficient in poetical feeling because I did not agree with them. When they were afloat, however, their pallid cheeks and tottering steps showed that all romantic notions had remained on shore, nor did they any longer express the least wish to know what "the wild waves say!"

For my part, I look on the sea as a great highway, and the sooner one is over it the better.

15*th*.—About eight a.m., made the land; and, soon after, hove to off the town of Khania. As there was not depth of water sufficient for so large a ship to enter the harbour, she went round to Sudha Bay—about twenty miles by water, but only three miles by land—across the isthmus. We, however, landed at once, and during our stay in the island were entertained most hospitably by Mr. Ongley, the British Consul, who lives near a small village about a mile and a-half to the eastward of Khania. Our arrival having been expected, a number of mules

were already collected and ready for examination.

The first ceremony was to go and see the Pasha commanding the troops, and ask for the assistance of some soldiers in marking the mules. Pipes and coffee were, of course, served. He was exceedingly civil; but from his manner, during our interview, I concluded he was suffering from the effects of some carminative medicine. After this was over, we went to see the Pasha, the governor of the island; and here the pipes and coffee were repeated. He showed us great kindness and civility, offered us the use of his horses, and sent his carriage to take us out to the consul's house, in the evening.

Hearing that Lord Raglan wanted to obtain a horse, of a particular description, named from its peculiar and artificial pace, Rahwan—an ambler would better express it—he immediately said he would send in search of one. It was found; but, he would receive no payment, saying, that one Pasha should not receive money from another. The road from Khania, to Sudha Bay, is the best I have

ever seen in the Turkish dominions, and runs through an extensive plain, thickly planted with olive trees. At the end of the bay is a large swamp, or salt marsh, full of snipes, some of which I took care to shoot before I left. There are also plenty of tortoises, which sit in small companies, at the edge of the salt-pans, and dive in at the least alarm, but soon rise again to the surface if all is quiet. At the entrance of the bay, is the fortified island of Sudha; but there is no settlement in the valley near the marsh, because there is no water there fit to drink; and all such localities, in Eastern climates, are very unhealthy, and certain to produce fever and ague.

The harbour of Khania is good, but only suitable for vessels of a small draught of water. At one side of it are large brick arches. They were built by the Venetians, for housing their galleys, and are of considerable height and some length, resembling the building sheds in our dockyards. Now they are used for a variety of purposes—as storehouses for grain, sometimes as barracks, and, at present, as stables for the mules.

The inhabitants of the island are principally Greek Mahomedans—and Greek is the prevailing language. From the governor downwards, I think that both Turks and Greeks here are a better lot than any I have yet met with in the empire. Indeed, I have always found people from the provinces preferable to those in Stamboul. The town is paved and fortified. The works are, of course, out of repair. The streets are, as usual, very narrow, the whole bearing the usual aspect of Eastern towns, with a mixed Turkish and Greek population; but it is superior to most of the size, and cleaner; but, perhaps, this last virtue is more owing to the superiority of climate, than the customs of the inhabitants.

There are a certain number of regular Turkish troops; but the police of the island, and the Pasha's guard, are Albanian Irregulars, dressed in Greek jacket and fustanelle. They carry a long gun, and have their belts full of pistols, and long knives of various sizes. They are numerous, and are fine-looking men, and, if well managed, likely to make good soldiers.

16*th.*—The inspection of mules goes on every day. They have been brought from all parts of the island. The numbers we shall take away are nothing to what might be procured in a short time—for they abound in the island, to the number of upwards twenty-thousand, as those competent to give an opinion, say.

It is amusing to see the people bringing worn-out, blind, lame, and sore-backed mules, and try to hide their defects, and pass them off as sound ones—which, of course, they always fail in doing.

As soon as a sufficient number of mules are passed—they are marked on the hind-quarters with a crown, burnt in by a hot iron. As soon as it is applied, they kick most vigorously, but having been previously hobbled, and being held during the operation by three or four Turkish soldiers, their resistance is ineffectual. One mule, directly he felt the iron, kicked so judiciously, that he knocked over the operator, who fell with *his* stern upon the hot crown, to the great delight of the by-standers—who all hoped he would bear away his own mark.

The Candian mules are small but very well-shaped; and many of them are excellent beasts to ride. Those taken to Balaklava by the *Trent* turned out very well, and did good service in the Land Transport Corps, as I was afterwards informed by one of the principal officers—for I always made a point of enquiring about them. A number of native muleteers were also taken—but I question whether they answered so well. The treatment they would meet with, was what they were unaccustomed to; and being engaged at low wages, they would be dissatisfied at finding men from other parts of their country, doing the same work, and drawing greater pay than themselves.

17*th.*—The French Consul came out to dine. He had a great grievance—which was apparent in his thoughts—for he recurred to it at every opportunity. It was that there were two French transport brigs lying in Sudha Bay, bound for the Crimea. They had been four and a half months from Marseilles, and some time at anchor here; and he could not get them to put to sea—they always made

some excuse, either there was no wind—or there was too much—or it was contrary. The real reason was—that there was a lady in the case, as usual—

'Tetterima causa belli.'

and each of these skippers was jealous of the other, and would not put to sea alone, leaving the other behind.

The Consul was greatly pleased when it was suggested that the *Trent* should tow them to Constantinople, or, at all events, somewhere beyond his jurisdiction.

The next day, we dined with him. The dinner was nearly interminable; and the wine, except Champagne, of native produce, dry and hard. The gates of Khania are closed at sunset, and not opened again until morning, and the keys are deposited with the Governor —consequently, any one wishing to pass in or out during the night has to get his permission and the keys. As the Consul lived in the town, and we lived in the country, we had to go through this form in order to return home.

18*th*.—The climate here is most delightful,

and the weather much too hot to wear the warm clothes necessary for one's comfort in Pera. We mounted mules, and the Consul took us out to Sessabilia, or some such name —a house belonging to Mustapha Pasha, the largest proprietor in, and formerly Governor of, the island. He is the father of Vely Pasha, late Turkish ambassador in Paris. He now resides in Stamboul, having been recalled on account of his having been too much liked by the inhabitants, and because his Government had some absurd suspicion that he wished to place the island under English protection.

This was in consequence of his having been visited by Sir Henry Ward, Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands, whom he received with great state.

The road there lies through an extensive plain—as all plains here are full of olives—and the large masses of deep green foliage have a very pleasing effect in the scenery. I believe olive-trees are very remunerating to the cultivator, and they do not prevent other things from growing beneath. The gardens

and fields here are frequently enclosed by fences of aloes.

The road is good for riding, but, very narrow. The house is a good one—it is in a large garden, full of orange, lemon, almond, and other trees, situated at the foot of the range of snow-capped mountains, which run through the whole length of the island, from east to west. The orange trees were covered with fruit, with which we were regaled, and with wine, made on the estate. It was really a very nice place for any part of the world, and the scenery was beautiful. The Turkish Pashas, certainly, know how to enjoy life in their own way. Near to the house is a village, close by a fine spring, which gushes from the rocks, and supplies Khania with water. Many of the Greek women are very handsome; and I saw some fine specimens of peasant girls, in this village. On the way home, we stopped at a small monastery, to see an old Greek priest, who had been some years at a Greek monastery in India. He spoke English and Hindustani. In the court-yard of his house is the broken tombstone of some

"Sir Francis Burgoin, Armiger;" it bears a long inscription in Greek and Latin.

20*th.*—Went up the mountains, near Sudha Bay. The hills are thickly covered with a prickly weed; and rhododendrons grow in all spots where there is water; there are solitary palms, here and there, in the plains, but they are stunted, and hardly ever six feet high. I went out, hoping to shoot some red-legged partridges, but the day was so hot I did not go far.

21*st.*—I wished to have made an excursion into the interior, but *at least* two days would have been necessary; and the duration of our stay was so uncertain, that I could not well have been so long out of the way; besides, I had no companion, and it is very slow work going alone on such expeditions. Went on board the *Trent* in the evening, as soon as the last lot of mules had been embarked. The ship was in great confusion with mules, muleteers, and cargo, none of which was yet shaken into place. The dining saloon was piled up with boxes of oranges, leaving hardly room enough for us to sit down. We also take two

Turks, who are going to Stamboul with samples of Candian produce for the Paris Exhibition, and in charge of tribute towards the expenses of the war. About eleven, we started with the following cargo, which may convey some idea of the resources of the island :—2 horses; 320 mules; 320 pack-saddles; 3,200 mule shoes; 25,600 shoe-nails; 133 muleteers, farriers, and pack-saddle menders; 768 bags of barley; 759 bags of chopped straw; 500 boxes of oranges; 88 large jars of honey; 90 cwt. of cheese; 19 tons of onions; 3 tons of olive oil; 122 sheep; 5 bullocks; 1 goat and kid; 3 pigs; 120 fowls; 34 turkeys; 22 cases for the Paris Exhibition; 500,000 piastres—tribute; 2 Turks in charge, and 13 attendants; 3 French artillerymen, and 2 French transports in tow. The cost of the cargo in the island, exclusive of the piastres and Exhibition cases, being about £6,500.

23*rd*.—One of the French brigs broke away last night, while running through the Doro Passage, between the Island of Andros and the Negropont. There was a good deal

of sea on, and the hawser must have parted. This passage is proverbial for bad weather. I have no doubt the skipper was glad to escape. He will remain snug in some island of the Archipelago for a month or two, in preference to facing the Black Sea at this time of year. There is something cheery in the Archipelago in fine weather. The constant succession and variety of islands do much to break the monotony of a sea voyage.

24*th.*—Anchored at Scutari. A steamer we met in the Sea of Marmora signalled to us the news of the repulse of the Russians, by the Turks, at Eupatoria.

26*th.*—Colonel M'Murdo arrived to organize the Land Transport Corps. The mules and horses, purchased by Major Fellowes, will form the basis of it.

28*th.*—About three o'clock p.m., there was a shock of earthquake. I was down in Galata at the time, and saw people running out of their houses, and looking very much frightened, and could not make out what was the matter, as I had felt nothing, and, when told, was incredulous; however, about an hour later, I

was sitting in my room, there was another shock, which I felt plainly, and in about twenty minutes more there was a third. The house shook much as a house in London vibrates, when a heavy waggon passes over the stones. Each shock lasted some seconds. A naval officer told me that the earthquake made a split in the house where the admiral's office is, and that part of the old wall of Stamboul was thrown down, and that he saw it fall.

This earthquake caused considerable damage and loss of life at Broussa; to what extent it is impossible to say, as everyone exaggerates, and there are no newspapers which give authentic information. The first reports said that two thousand lives were lost; but I should say twenty were nearer the mark, for the number always diminishes with the last accounts.

This evening the benefit of the *seconda donna*, an Englishwoman, came off at the opera—her theatrical name is Elena Alba, of which, I imagine, Ellen White would be a correct translation. The great drawback to

going to the opera or anywhere after dusk is, that one has to traverse a lot of stony, filthy, rough, and slippery streets, with nothing but a paper-lantern to guide one clear of the puddles.

March 4th.—For some days I have been waiting to accompany Major Fellowes on another mule-buying expedition to Ismid, on the Sea of Marmora—about six hours' steaming from Constantinople. We were to have been off two days ago, but there is always some delay connected with the steamers going to sea—and the uncertainty and waste of time here is most provoking. The steamers do not half the work that ought to be got out of them—indeed, one third of the number employed would do as much work if properly managed and looked after. It is a notorious fact, that one steamer was kept two months in Balaklava harbour as a residence for a naval officer; and many other steamers have been detained in harbour for a long time, and used as depôts, store ships, and floating hotels, when sailing ships would have answered the purpose as well. The difference in the cost of hire of the two being enormous.

[Since I wrote this, the evil has been greatly lessened or entirely done away with, by the extremely judicious management of the naval authorities at Constantinople and in the Crimea.]

We got away in the morning, and in going out of the Golden Horn, ran into the bows of the *Lebanon*, screw steamer, carrying away her figure-head, and bending the iron cut-water. The *Emperor*, our steamer, lost her quarter boats, smashed the poop-rails, and carried away some of the main-rigging. The noise of the crashing of the timbers was great, and I ran out from the cabin thinking the masts were gone.

The Golden Horn is now so full of vessels that it is a most difficult thing for ships to go in and out without giving or receiving some damage; and collisions are of daily occurrence. The strong current of the Bosphorus eddying into the Horn, frequently makes the ships almost unmanageable. It is said that a great part of one naval officer's time was taken up in summoning and bringing masters of vessels before the consul, to compel them to pay for

the damage done to his ship, which, according to popular report, was getting smaller and smaller every day, from the constant smashes it was subjected to, and that it would soon disappear altogether!

The steamer passed near the Princes' Islands, of which there was a good view. They are pretty, but nothing about them very remarkable. The Gulf of Ismid is of considerable length, and about four miles across. The shores are hilly, and very much so on the south side, with trees growing on the heights. Each side is partially cultivated in the manner usual to this country. The town is situated at the head of the gulf. Inside it is tolerably clean and good; but Turkish towns are all dull, and resemble each other much as sheep do. It has a beautifully picturesque appearance from the water. The houses are of wood, built one above another up the side of a steep hill. There is a ship-building yard belonging to the Turkish government, and a two-decker on the stocks.

The gulf commences in a large swamp, and from it an extensive plain with hills on either

side, runs for upwards of a hundred miles inland; but it is, of course, unhealthy in the spring and autumn. About six hours' journey from Ismid, there is a lake from which a river flows to the gulf. During the two days we remained, I followed my favourite sport of shooting. The water was covered with birds, grebes of two kinds, various kinds of wild-fowl, and pelicans. The swamp was full of snipes, plovers, and wild-ducks; but it was most difficult to traverse, being intersected in all directions by streams, just too wide to jump over; and the surface was nothing but hillocks, with deep mud between.

I had to hire a caïque to take me to and fro from the steamer. The caïquejees were stupid and lazy; and would talk to each other when I tried to keep them quiet—but that is their way. I have always found that when you want Turks to speak, they are the most silent people in the world; and when you try to keep them quiet, they chatter like Arabs. Each day I paid twenty piastres for my caïque—that is, for a few hours. One boat came off, and the proprietors demanded

fifty, and would not come down in their price; of course I left them to their own resources. I am of opinion that the greatest fools are those who imagine all others to be fools, and easily to be taken in—and it is so with the natives of this country. They are most shallow knaves.

The mules were a failure—the contractor brought a good many for inspection but they were mostly old, lame, or sorebacked —and all were rejected but sixty, not half as many as the ship would hold; as no more were forthcoming, we returned to Constantinople.

CHAPTER XVI.

THERAPIA.

March 7th.—This morning, a despatch arrived at the Embassy, from Lord John Russell, announcing the death of the Emperor Nicholas. The excitement caused by the news is great. The Greeks try to make out that it is the Empress who is dead, and not the Emperor. Those who are always talking about peace—and they are not a few—insist that it will certainly result from his death.

8th.—To pass the time, I went to Therapia for a few days. The great difficulty for any person unaccustomed to the steamers on the Bosphorus, is to find the right one, as no notices

are put up to inform people which is the boat for Therapia, and which for Scutari, &c. Not that this is to be wondered at, in a place where the streets are not named—the houses not numbered; and it is only of late, that the shop-keepers have taken to put their names and trades over their shops. There is no possibility of ascertaining, before-hand, the exact time steamers start; and they are never advertised. I tried to find out, previously, what time the boat, I wished to go by, would leave. All accounts differed. One said, half-past two; another said, three; and a third, half-past three. I went down at three, and found it did not go till four. So much for information. It is wonderful how they get on at all here—I shall enlarge upon this subject at a future opportunity.

The hills above Therapia, towards Belgrade, are covered with forest and brushwood—the latter consisting principally of arbutus, with heather, myrtle, and dwarf-holly; and the scenery is very pretty, all hill and valley, with constantly changing views of the Bosphorus and Black Sea. No doubt, it is very good

ground for woodcocks; but it is so extensive that dogs are absolutely necessary. The brushwood is chiefly on the hills; and the trees grow in copses in the valleys, and are beautiful cover for any kind of game, large or small.

12*th*.—The weather being wet, I returned to Pera. At one station, Redschid Pasha came on board the steamer to go to Stamboul. He is a little man, rather bent, and his beard slightly tinged with grey. A number of Turks and natives were assembled to see him come out of his house, all bowing and saluting as he passed.

The inhabitants of this city of all races are a contemptible lot. None of the men seem to have any idea of what they are to do with their hands, save perpetually twiddling strings of beads. It is disgusting to see a full-grown man sitting in a state of perfect idleness for hours, except the great exertion of smoking, and passing these beads in rotation through his fingers.

It is a mistake to suppose that they are saying prayers; for both Turks and Greeks do it, and they continue it all day long. Even

when walking, they place their hands behind their backs, and twiddle the beads at the same time.

A fat old Turk, in his fez cap, like a red seal at the top of a thick bottle, in his semi-European costume — viz., a blue frock coat, with standing collar, tightly buttoned; badly cut trowsers, of some grotesque pattern—large below, so as nearly to cover his feet, and strapped inside his shoes, which are slipshod, so that he can kick them off in an instant; his head nearly buried in his immense shoulders, with an attendant at each side to support him if he walks, and several others following him —one carrying a bag containing writing materials, another his pipe-sticks and the everlasting umbrella — is an average specimen, in Constantinople, of what many have so often called a dignified Turk.

When the weather is not fine, all go about with their heads covered up in hoods and shawls, like old women with the toothache.

This country, or rather the people, try one's patience sorely, and wear it out eventually, no matter how durable it may originally have been.

Constantinople is a very Tower of Babel for a variety of languages; and it is, consequently, very confusing, as one never knows what language one may require to use, and it is impossible to learn all. In a country where only one language is in constant use, any person must be very stupid who does not master enough of it in a short time to get along with; but here it is totally different. Every tongue is more or less current. English, French, Greek, Italian, and Turkish are most common; and, besides these, German, Arabic, Persian, Armenian, Bulgarian, Sclavonic, and other languages are in constant use. You ask a question in one tongue, and get a reply in another; and two or three languages are frequently mixed in one sentence.

Pantomimic action is the natural accompaniment of all Eastern languages; but it varies in its character with every race. Of all the natives of the East, the Turk alone is master of a slow, deliberate order of gesticulation, which is either indescribably diverting or provoking, according to the humour of the traveller. Other races are content to intimate

"Yes," or "No," by very ordinary movements, and to illustrate their conversation by simple pantomimic action. They do not habitually introduce auxiliary smacks, solemn grunts, and whistles as the accompaniments of their physical demonstration.

In this art the Turk is a most accomplished master; and, in his bargains with the tourists who throng the bazaars, he has an opportunity of displaying his skill to great advantage. "How much?" says the traveller's dragoman. "Yuz grush" (100 piastres), replies the Turk, with a grave, downward inclination of the head. "The tchélebi (gentleman) will give fifty" (ten being about its real value), rejoins the other. No articulate verbal reply ever follows this important announcement, and, indeed, no answer at all for some seconds—during which, with an air of supreme indifference, the Turk gazes into space with bland dignity. At length, without altering the direction of his looks, he slowly raises his chin into the air, and, as it reaches the highest altitude to which he can protrude it, a smack of most expressive import escapes his lips in token of his absolute

rejection of the offer which, half an hour afterwards, it is his intention to accept, and out of which he will bestow a backshish on the honest dragoman!

"Ask him if this cherry-stick is a good one," says the British tourist, who obstinately adheres to the erroneous belief that heavy clubs of that wood form the pipe-sticks of Turkish 'swells,' and who consequently invests a small fortune in buying a faggot of them for home-consumption.

"Eimi?" (is it good?) demands the dragoman. But this time the shopkeeper's eyes are not averted. Looking steadfastly into the face of his customer, he deliberately raises his right hand, with the fingers elevated to a point in the centre to the level of his eye; and, while retaining it in this position, emits a long, dull whistle—all which is intended to express his high sense of the unusual and remarkable goodness and beauty of the article he is selling.

17*th*.—The last arrivals from Balaklava report that the railway was making good progress, and that upwards of three miles were

completed. The weather was fine and warm, and all the mud had dried up. Fresh meat was plentiful. The means of transport were good; and the army generally was in good spirits.

The French hospital at the 'Ecole Militiare' was burnt out on the night of the 11th. Some lives were lost, but it is impossible to say how many. The French say none; other accounts vary between three and one hundred and fifty: so there is a wide margin from which to calculate the probable number!

[A pretty figure England seems to have cut in this war—after all our boasting at its commencement. In the fourth month from our landing in the Crimea, our available and active army had almost ceased to exist—not from the losses inflicted on it by the enemy, for they were comparatively trifling—not from the climate only, for the winter in the Crimea has not been more severe than the winter in England; and there was nothing in the weather to injure the troops, if they had been properly clothed and fed. Had they been encamped on any bleak hill in England, under

the same disadvantages, they would have suffered as much, or more. They have been lost through the shortcomings of our military system, and of our officials.

"There is one step from the sublime to the ridiculous," as Napoleon said, and England has been fated to take that step in the eyes of the world. We began by disbelieving in the war, when it was inevitable. Many used to say that the Czar was mad; and, when war was actually declared, numbers still adhered to their old notions, in spite of the clearest evidence to the contrary. Even the officers used to report, when the army was at Scutari, that Lord Raglan had said there would not be a shot fired, and that the Duke of Cambridge was of opinion that the Cavalry would be at home again in November, and the Infantry in May! When hostilities were about to commence, and there could be no doubt on the subject, people talked lightly and flippantly of war—as if battles could be fought without heavy casualties on our own side, and as if our paltry contingent of men would return home victorious in a few months, after

having reduced the Russians to complete submission, and compelled them to pay all expenses!

As for Sebastopol—it was to fall before us as Jericho fell before the Jews. The walls were built of soft stone, and would soon be shaken down by the discharge of their own guns, according to the accounts of some—the latter, by the way, were said to be made of wood as well as the shot, and the gunpowder was partly sawdust! Many have talked in this absurd manner, although, no doubt, they will soon forget what they said on the occasion. Neither would they give the Russians credit for defending their own country, or for the least patriotism; thinking that because they raised the siege of Silistria for fear lest we should advance and compel them, that they had been forced to do so by the Turks; and, therefore, would not attempt to oppose us. We used to hear also, that the Russians would desert in hundreds to us, and that the Poles would come over by regiments! Have they done so?

The Government, too, although they had Sir Hamilton Seymour's correspondence with

Lord J. Russell, staring them in the face, so that they ought to have been in no error on the subject—made no greater preparations for going to war with an empire like Russia, than if she were only a third-rate power.

They sent ten thousand men to Malta, to overawe Russia! But they took no steps to place the army on a proper war-footing—witness the absurd way in which they drafted men from one regiment to another—afterwards having to send out those very regiments which had been deprived of numbers of their best men, and rendered comparatively inefficient. This measure, alone, was sufficient to show that they were not equal to the emergency. When the war began, any number of men might have been raised at a low bounty, and militia would have volunteered by thousands —but they were rejected. Soldiers were then cheap in the market; and the Government would not buy them—they waited until they became *dear;* and men could not be induced to enlist without increased bounty and pay.

I have never been able to understand why no offer has been made or opportunity given

to officers who have recently left the army, to re-enter. Many of these gentlemen left in time of peace—because they wanted a more stirring life—and are just the men required in war. The only difficulty opposed to their re-admission lies in our abominable purchase system—the greatest obstacle to efficiency that can be conceived in any army. Yet nothing is done; and this is a time when experienced officers are urgently required. They send out boys as officers to the Crimea, whose unformed constitutions cannot stand the work or the climate, and who soon fall victims to disease—who cannot have had time to acquire a thorough knowledge and experience of their duties, and in whom the soldiers themselves have no confidence. I have repeatedly heard non-commissioned officers talking among themselves of the youth and inexperience of their officers. When ex-officers asked for employment, their applications were discouraged.

Even up to the present time people talk about peace, in season and out of season, as foolishly as they before talked of war.

Many believe as they wish, and are angry with those who tell them the truth. Negotiations are going on, and peace is sure to ensue, they say; and the death of the Emperor Nicholas makes them worse than ever. The least report about peace drives them wild on the subject. So mad are they, that they would have peace made at any sacrifice on our parts, even if it only lasted twelve months. The surest way to ensure a speedy and lasting peace, is to have a sufficiently large and efficient army. It is all cant to say that the English are not a military nation, and soldiers cannot be obtained in sufficient numbers. They may be obtained in any required number, if proper measures are adopted to induce them to enlist. England may have any number of men in arms. If Russia, with only sixty-two millions of subjects, can raise an enormous army, why should not the British Empire, containing nearly treble that population, be able to do so likewise? Why not draw upon the resources of our vast colonial empire? The natives of all countries under our rule may be converted

into soldiers, more or less good, but still useful. Is not the past a guide to the future? In former days, when the Highlanders were turbulent and disaffected, we made soldiers of them, and excellently the plan answered. We might take a leaf out of the book of Austria—a disunited empire, with an army composed of the natives of each of her numerous provinces. The Hungarians serve in Italy; the Italians in Hungary; and the Austrians in all, and so on, each being employed where they can be best trusted and turned to the best account.

The great difference between our mode of carrying on this war, and that of the French, has been, that our preparations have been temporary, as if the war was only going to last a few months. The French, on the other hand, have done everything for a permanency, as if they intended to establish themselves here, and make Constantinople their new colony; and they are quite right in so doing. They evidently take a far clearer view of the Eastern question, than we do. They have now complete military possession of Constantinople.

They have the large barracks of Daoud Pasha, outside Stamboul—a barrack, or palace, in the Seraglio—half the large artillery barrack, near Pera—they have railed off a part of the artillery ground opposite, and have erected sheds there—they have the large hospital, beyond; and the Ecole Militaire, still further on—and finally have possession of the palace of the Russian Embassy, in Pera, which we might have had, if proper application had been made for it. Indeed if they want any place they seem to take it, and make a show of asking for it afterwards.

We have far too many official letters in our army departments; at least, a fifth of the correspondence might be dispensed with, with benefit to all parties concerned. The custom of saying "Put it in writing," or "Write to me," when a few minutes' conversation would do more than hours of letter-writing, has had a good deal to do with our disasters. The *cacoethes scribendi*, is a growing and catching evil; and if it prevails among the higher authorities, is sure to increase in the lower ranks of officialism. There must be something wrong, when a com-

mander-in-chief has always to be writing official letters, instead of going about and seeing after things with *his own eyes*, when he sacrifices what is of great consequence, to what is not—and instead of being constantly in his saddle, judging for himself, becomes dependant upon the opinions and information of others. All this correspondence, which occupies time, is, at best, of but secondary importance. Two or three well-selected *private* secretaries, would relieve him from much of his trouble, and leave his time more free for other things. The Duke of Wellington used to spend hours in his saddle, seeing to everything himself; and if I recollect right, Napoleon used to say, that things went on far differently, accordingly as he looked after them with his own eyes, or with the eyes of others.

The people in England do not appear to me to look upon this so-called siege in a fair and just light. They talk as if it was an ordinary siege, of an ordinary first-class fortress, whereas, it is more properly an attack upon an entrenched camp, defended by an immense army—a large fleet, and their crews—and with

an enormous supply of all the *materiel* of war close at hand.

It is not so much the strength of a place, as the manner of defence, that causes a successful result. A weak place, well-defended, is safer against capture, than a strong place, badly defended; and Sebastopol is both strong, and well-defended.

Although, at this time, our army is far outnumbered by the French, still, we must remember, that at the commencement of the siege, we rather outnumbered them; and for a long time, took most of the work, and defended the more assailable points of the position, viz: Inkerman heights, and Balaklava.]

CHAPTER XVII.

CHANGES AT BALAKLAVA.

March 22nd.—SOME of the French Imperial Guard were landing, to-day, at the Intendance Militaire, in Galata, near the Admiral's office. They were dressed in bearskin caps, long blue coats with red-worsted epaulettes, and blue trowsers with a red stripe. The country is now drying up fast. Burials no longer take place on the cliff near the general hospital at Scutari. Many monuments have been lately put up on the officers' graves.

It is now a year since I first came to Constantinople, and I am certain I have come to a correct conclusion, when I say, that as for

Pera, "There's nothing in it." The Perotes are worse than the Turks, for they ought to know better. The love of 'grush'—*i.e.*, money—is about the only feeling by which they are actuated. In Pera there is no amusement—in short, there is nothing to do, or to be done. Go to the Opera-house, the only place of evening amusement—on half the nights it is open it is nearly deserted. What with Lent, and Greek and Latin feasts and fasts, all at different times, one never knows when the house may be full, or when it may be empty.

The custom of the Greeks, in carrying corpses uncovered through the streets to be buried, is disgusting, and they ought to be compelled to cover them. I have by this time got pretty well used to seeing dead bodies; but their way of parading them, decked out with flowers and finely dressed, is an indecent and revolting exhibition. Greek funeral processions are constantly passing through the town, headed by priests, and boys carrying huge candles, chanting the funeral service.

26*th.*—The Russians made a sortie along

the whole line, on the night of the 22nd. To-day I got a letter from an officer, informing me of it, and saying that if I wished to see any more fighting, I had better come up immediately. Accordingly, I am making preparations to be off by the first opportunity. Indeed, I have been here far too long, but I could not avoid it.

28*th*.—I went with one of the Sanitary Commissioners to the arsenal and barracks, where the Russian prisoners are kept; they seemed well off, and very comfortable. We then went into the bagnio, in which the Turkish criminals are confined. Murderers, those guilty of the greatest and least offences, are kept indiscriminately together. All wore heavy chains, and were frequently coupled in pairs. They slept in a place so dark, that we were obliged to go in with a lantern.

An officer on the staff, lately come down from the Crimea, on his way to England, has got a Russian deserter as a servant. He had been servant to a Russian officer, but says he deserted because his master ill-treated him. He is a sharp fellow, but as yet can speak

nothing but his own language; he is going on to England, and appears greatly pleased at the change in his prospects. One day he accompanied his present master to the bazaar; a Turk insulted him—whereupon he immediately turned round and kicked him, to the great astonishment of the latter. In consequence of this, the Russian rose wonderfully in the estimation of all who heard the story—in mine in particular.

I have no doubt many who read this book, will say that I am strongly prejudiced against the Turks. I know who those people are—they have never resided in Turkey themselves; and I beg of them not to condemn me, until they have been there, and made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the customs of the inhabitants; when, I am greatly mistaken, if they will not agree with everything I have said. Of course the country people are uncorrupted, and comparatively free of the vices of those living in the towns. With a due regard to the ordinary decencies of language, and the reticence which the moral feeling of England imposes on the des-

criptions of travellers, it is impossible to indicate the moral turpitude which disgraces the Mussulman inhabitants of Turkey; and must render them, whatever good qualities they may possess, abhorrent and repugnant to all who have an opportunity of really becoming acquainted with their habits of social infamy.

29*th.*—I went with Mr. Rawlinson, the Sanitary Commissioner, to see the barracks at Kuleli; now used as a hospital for our men. He suggested several judicious alterations in the work going on there, which were consequently made. The sick men complained very much of the great quantity of fleas which annoy them, particularly at night; but I do not believe there is any remedy, in this climate; at least, I never found anything that would keep them away.

Some of the Sultan's lancers of the guard are quartered in the barracks. They were on parade while I was there, dressed in the everlasting fez cap, a scarlet shell jacket, trimmed with black braid; and blue overalls, with red stripes. They were, as usual, slipshod—some

wore brass spurs—some wore steel ones; and others had none at all. On the whole, they were a complete caricature of European cavalry. Green coffee is served out to this day, to the men at Scutari.

April 1st.—I went to-day into Stamboul, to show some friends the sights, including St. Sophia. It is not now requisite to have a firman to enter the mosques; all that is required, is for the visitor to take off his boots and leave them in the porch. In the East, a man takes off his shoes where we should uncover our heads.

Sir John Burgoyne sailed for Trieste in a special steamer, engaged to convey Aali Pasha, on his way to the conference at Vienna. While the steamer was at anchor in the Golden Horn, many of the swell pashas went on board to pay their respects to the latter, previous to his departure. An Englishman who was present, afterwards described the salutations which passed between the different pashas, as being ludicrously grotesque; especially between those of equal rank. First of all, one would pretend to

stoop to kiss the hem of the other's robe—who would struggle to prevent him; and, in turn, endeavour to stoop himself for the same purpose—but which the first one, of course, would not allow him to do. So, two fat old pashas would be scuffling and stooping together, without any result—until both would desist from fatigue at their unusual exertions!

April 2nd.—Embarked in the afternoon on board the *Severn*, for a passage to Balaklava; but, as a heavy gale was blowing, the ship remained at anchor. In the order for my passage it is written, that "the admiral considers that fifteen shillings a day is a fair sum to be paid by gentlemen not travelling on the public service." This is the first time I have heard of the sum for their messing, &c., being fixed by the authorities—and officers on leave of absence not being considered as travelling on the public service, are liable to the same charge. Formerly, all used to pay alike—being charged various sums—but never more than ten shillings a day, which was the sum allowed by the government to the masters of transports for each government passenger.

When I was on board the *Trent*, going to Candia and back, I was only charged seven-and-sixpence per diem, and never lived better at sea. Ten shillings daily was ample remuneration to the captain, or the steward, or whoever provided the messing; and even when provisions were at their highest price, they could make a good profit by it.

In the large ocean steamers, the messing was provided either by the company, to which the ship belonged, or a regular messman. The diet was always excellent, and the table most liberally provided. In the small steamers, the captain had the privilege of messing the passengers; and, in some instances, was not satisfied with a fair profit, but hardly furnished enough for them to eat. These instances were few—but still they did occur, and the passengers had no remedy; for no one would take the trouble upon himself to make a formal complaint against a man, whom he might never meet with again.

As an instance, I may mention that long after the fifteen shillings charge was established, I made a passage from Constantinople

to Balaklava in a steamer of which the captain had the messing; and he did not take the trouble to provide even bread or milk. What we did have to eat was of the worst description—principally salt-meat. The passengers consisted both of officers and amateurs. I can only say that, being two days on board, I paid him thirty shillings; and I am confident that what was provided for me did not cost him *five*. Certainly, there is no great hardship being two days without bread or milk; and on a long sea-voyage, where it cannot be procured, one can find no fault. But in this case it might easily have been obtained; and when one is obliged to pay for a thing, one likes to have it.

Some of these captains, not being satisfied with the profits they made, from a charge of ten shillings a-day for each passenger, went to the admiral and complained of the high price of provisions, &c., and were, consequently, empowered to charge five shillings additional, as mentioned above.

At the time, these very men were buying horses, sheep, poultry, wine, &c., at compara-

tively low prices, either at Constantinople or other parts, and taking them in the transports they commanded up to Balaklava, where they sold them again at an enormous profit; and I know of several men who have realized large sums in this way—amounting, in some instances, to many thousand pounds.

I said at once that the increased charge was unfair; but as long as I was going about in the transports as an amateur, and could have benefited myself in any way by any diminution of it, I did not think it right to mention or complain—indeed, I had no right to do so. But when about to leave Constantinople, on my return to England, I thought I would inquire into the cause of the increased charge, and complain of the injustice, if I had an opportunity.

There is an English gentleman in Pera, who is agent there for several of the large steam-packet companies, who have their ships employed in the transport service, and I have the pleasure of knowing him. I had been told that it was owing to his influence with the admiral that the charge had been

increased; and, just before I left Pera for the last time, I went to him and asked if he had done so. He informed me that he had had nothing to do with it; that he considered fifteen shillings a day exorbitant; and that ten shillings, in his opinion, was ample—adding, that I might go to the admiral's office, and repeat what he had said. This, however, I had not time to do.

I mention all this at full length; for, since my return to England, many complaints have been made in the *Times* of the high charges to which officers on leave of absence were subjected on board the transports, and no one seemed able or willing to throw any light upon the origin or reason of the increased charge.

The courtesy and accessibility of Admiral Grey, and Captains Heath and Powell of the Royal Navy, the principal agents of transports at Balaklava and Constantinople—in giving passages to private individuals, whenever the public service permitted—was very great; and, as I often availed myself of their kindness, I should be guilty of a great oversight if I omitted to acknowledge it.

April 5th.—After a very stormy passage, we arrived in Balaklava this morning. The old and constant story, that the batteries are expected shortly to re-open fire, is still current, and is probably true at this time. Balaklava is very much changed since I was last here. The railway now commences at the ordnance wharf, and runs through the main street of the town, being completed as far as Lord Raglan's head-quarters. In the town is a steam saw-mill, the working of which appears greatly to delight and astonish the Turks and Tartars, who stand by gaping and grinning. The facility and quickness with which a large piece of timber is cut up into boards, appear to be beyond their comprehension; and it is really the only sight at which I ever saw a Turk betray the least emotion, or amazement. Lots of the old tumble-down houses have been removed. Huts have been erected in their place; and the accumulations of rubbish have been cleared away or burnt.

The electric telegraph is complete between Kadikoi and head-quarters, and from thence extends in different directions into the trenches.

In Balaklava is a house called "Telegraph office;" outside it is a shipping list, containing the daily arrivals and departures. Many of the huts have been given up to different regiments as store-houses. The Guards have been brought down from the front, some time ago; and are now hutted and encamped on the hills, to the left, just outside the town. The shopkeepers have been compelled to move from Balaklava, and have established themselves in huts, close to the village of Kadikoi. Their stores are closed, by order, at four p.m. A regular police has been established, both for the town and harbour; and certainly not before it was required. Crockford has set up a large wine store at Kadikoi—over which he flies a large yellow flag, bearing the title of "Crockford & Co., wine merchants, from St. James's-street, London." The whole settlement has very much the appearance of an English country fair, and is in view of the Cossack videttes, on the old line of redoubts and hills near Kamara. The railway trucks are drawn up the steep incline by a stationary engine; but are worked over the rest of the

line by horses, most of which have been brought from England; and are heavy-heeled cart-horses, each of which would make three of the ordinary horses of Turkey, or of the coasts of the Black Sea.

6*th.*—Good Friday. I moved up to the camp, and permanently established myself there. One of my many friends was kind enough to give me a share of his tent, which I occupied all the time I was in camp, until I again went down to Constantinople. I made myself far more comfortable than I was in November last, for I was able to collect more *luxuries* about me. This time I accomplished a most excellent bed—consisting of a Turkish quilt laid upon three planks, which were supported at each end by a basket; I had also blankets in abundance—and what more could I desire? The whole face of the country has been changed since my departure. The railway, new roads, fresh encampments, huts erected, houses destroyed and trees cut down, have altered the features of the ground so much as to render it hardly recognizable.

The Second Division have moved during

the last few days, from their old position, on the Inkerman Heights, to a new one in rear of the Light and Fourth Divisions, and just at the head of the Woronzoff ravine. They share the duty of the Right Attack with the Light Division; while the Third and Fourth Divisions are reserved for the left attack. The Second Division always did the same duty, even when on their old ground, and were moved to their present position, I hear, in consequence of Sir George Brown representing that he required support. The ground they are now on had formerly been used as a burying ground for horses, offal and rubbish. All this had to be disinterred and removed; but the ground will not be *sweet* for some time, and a shower of rain causes a most unpleasant odour to exude from any spot where the loose soil shows that there has been an interment.

Major Davis, of the 95th regiment, died yesterday of fever. He had been suffering from it for some time, but would not relinquish his duty until it was too late; it proved fatal in the few days during which he had been on the sick list. There was not a more

zealous or hardworking officer in the army; and in him the country has lost a most excellent soldier. He had been present with his regiment in every action, and was in command of the skirmishers of the 95th when they pursued the Russians, on the 26th of October, nearly down to Careening Bay. He was buried, soon after I arrived in camp, at Cathcart's Hill. The funeral was attended by General Pennefather and his staff. General Cathcart is buried there, also Colonel Seymour and others. The graves are in an old quadrangular enclosure, the walls of which are now levelled, and nothing is left but long heaps of stones. Many gravestones are already put up—some with inscriptions in Russian, as well as in English.

No one not on duty is now supposed to be allowed to go into the trenches without a pass from the Adjutant-general. At one time the picket-house, on the Woronzoff road (which formerly was a post-house), used to be the great place of assemblage for officers and others, from whence they could look upon the town and batteries. Now, however, a

line of sentries is posted in rear, to prevent all except staff-officers and those on duty from going there; for when the Russians saw any number of people collected, they used to throw up shells. This prohibition, I hear, was ordered to please a general-officer, who lived hard by, and who cared not so much about the safety of the lookers-on, as for that of his own establishment, which he thought might come in for an occasional shell.

7th.—The days are now hot and the nights are cold. To-day the Light Division races came off, and, under the circumstances, the sport was very good. All went off well, except at a steeple-chase, when three started, and at the first fence—a stone wall—one horse fell over on his rider; and the next horse, following close, fell over also, and all were down together. I was close by at the time, and thought that both their riders must have been killed; but, fortunately, they were only bruised, and were carried off the ground on stretchers. However, in a few days they recovered. One was Captain Thomas, of the Artillery, and the other, Captain Shiffner, of

the 34th regiment, who was afterwards killed at the first attack on the Redan. The attendance was good, nearly all naval and military, including all branches of the service, and several general-officers.

The report that the batteries would soon re-open was generally circulated and believed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

RENEWAL OF THE BOMBARDMENT.

April 9th.—EASTER MONDAY. About five o'clock, a.m., our batteries re-opened, and the siege actively re-commenced. For nearly an hour, the Russians did not reply, being evidently somewhat taken by surprise. At first, the noise was great, but the wind rose, and blew with such violence, and the rain fell so heavily, that, as I lay in the tent, I could hardly hear a gun. Of the many dismal wet days I have seen, I never saw one to exceed this when morning broke. It blew a regular cycloidal gale, the wind shifting constantly.

I lay in bed long to keep warm and dry—for the rain was heavy, and the wind so strong as to force it through the canvass of the tent, which shook as if it would come down every moment. It was useless to go out, for there was nowhere to go; and the weather was so thick, that it was impossible to see. Many of the tents were blown down, and remained lying in the wet mud until the men returned from the trenches, when the poor, chilled, and dripping wretches would find cold comfort waiting for them. Towards mid-day, the wind shifted, and I could again hear the guns, but the noise was not so great as I expected it would have been. Soon afterwards, the ambulances began to arrive with wounded men.

About five o'clock, p.m., the rain slackened a little, and I went outside the tent. The whole surface of the camp was covered with pools of water and sludge, with streams running down the hollows.

About eight o'clock, p.m., the wind somewhat subsided, and the roaring of the guns was majestic. It is impossible as yet to

know what the effect of our fire has been. All say that the last twenty-four hours have not been exceeded in severity of rain and wind since the siege commenced.

The next day was finer. I went up to Cathcart's Hill, now the great place of assemblage for all lookers-on, since the picket-house has been '*defendu.*' The firing was incessant along the whole line; but there was not much to be seen, except the smoke from the guns. Omar Pasha has arrived at Kamiesch, with twenty thousand Turks and Egyptians.

11*th.*—A battery for two sea-service 13-inch mortars has been constructed near the picket-house. I was there to-day, while they were firing at the large range of barracks in the Karabelnaia, but we could not see the effect of the shells. I think a good many of them fell into the dockyard creek. As usual, contradictory reports are flying about. I believe no one really knows anything of what is likely to take place, except the 'chiefs'—and I fancy their plans are vague and undecided. Some say—we have had much the best of the bombardment—others

that the Russians have had most success, and that we shall first cease firing, as our parapets are too thin, and that our ammunition is falling short. People talk about the probability of an assault, and hint mysteriously that scaling ladders are ordered down to the trenches. Those who are likely to come in for it are thoughtful, and it is plain they expect something. Close in rear of the Second Division is a French camp; and they are always making a most horrid din, either with their band or their drums. The French are now encamped all along the heights, overlooking the plain of the Tchernaya and Balaklava, from Inkerman Heights to Kamiesch.

13*th*.—Towards daylight, I was woke up by a tremendous cannonade—far louder than anything I have yet heard. From the direction, I thought, in common with many others, that the ships were engaged; and about six o'clock, a.m., went up Cathcart's Hill to see, but it was only the land-batteries, and the noise was greater, owing to the clear state of the atmosphere. I always notice great difference in the sound according to the

weather—when it is fine, the report of the guns is short and sharp, and the rushing of the shot is distinctly heard—while in wet, damp weather, the report is long and dull, without the after-sound of the shot.

The firing on both sides was very heavy, but it was chiefly from the French on the left. All present said it had never been heavier. At night there was a sharp fight going on between the French and the Russians, on the left. It lasted some time, and the flashing of the musketry was very plain. Mr. Russell perfectly describes the appearance musketry has at night, when he says—"It is like a broad street, as seen from a distance, brightly illuminated for some festive occasion, with the wind playing fiercely and irregularly along the fretted gas-pipes."

The French threw in 'bouquets' of shells, frequently five at a time.

14*th*.—The weather has now been bad for a week. It is said that the affair of last night was a sortie of the Russians, and that they were repulsed with a loss of three hundred men, and six officers, killed and wounded.

Omar Pasha has now moved with his force from Kamiesch to the heights near the Col de Balaklava.

15*th*. — Visited the field of Inkerman. There are only French encamped about there now, except the 49th Regiment, who have not yet moved—and some artillery, who attend to the guns of position on the ridge.

The Russians have latély returned to the hills above the Upper Inkerman Lighthouse. The brushwood in all directions, at the top of the plateau, has been cleared away for fuel, and the ground is quite bare. The French do not now let people on horseback pass to the two-gun battery, for fear of drawing down a fire from a Russian battery on the opposite heights. Numbers of large Russian ten-inch shot are lying about near Shell Hill, and many of them have been put at the heads of the graves in the valley near.

After sunset, to Cathcart's Hill. Lord Raglan was then at the Quarry, in front of the Third Division, waiting for the French to spring a mine near or under the Flagstaff Battery. There was not much of an explo-

sion. All we could see was a black cloud of earth rise into the air, but we could hear no report. Afterwards, there was a heavy fire; but all night-sights are alike to a distant spectator; and the day following all give a different account of what has happened, but few know anything about it. I am convinced that many of the 'glowing descriptions' we read in *some* newspapers of these sort of combats are purely imaginary. Probably this is the occasion, when shortly after the explosion of the mine, a French staff-officer gallopped up to Lord Raglan, and, taking off his hat, said, with a low bow, "*Milord, Le Bastion du Mat n'existe plus.*" Next morning, however, the bastion, the destruction of which was so prematurely announced, appeared as formidable and threatening as ever.

16*th.*—A magazine was exploded to-day in our Eight-Gun Battery of the Right Attack, by a shell going through the roof, killing and wounding ten men. I was a long way off at the time, and saw the cloud of smoke rise into the air.

17*th.*—This is the ninth day of the second

bombardment; and I cannot make out that we have gained any advantage over the Russian batteries. It is now said, that the storming was all arranged; but has been put off for some reason or other, *sine die;* and that the bombardment will gradually cease.

18*th.*—The dews at night are very heavy, and soaking through the canvass, wet the bed clothes and things hanging in the tent. Went to St. George's monastery. It is beautifully situated, at the top of a lofty cliff. There is a hanging garden, from the building down to the sea; but the gate was locked, and the key not to be obtained—for the French, having charge of the place, as usual make difficulties about people going to see it; and, although General Lockyer was there at the time, he fared no better than we did. Wherever our allies settle, "*c'est defendu*" is the first thing one hears. Not that I cared about going down so steep a place, even if there had been no obstacle to my so doing, for I saw all that I wished to see from above; and even had the gate been open, should not have gone down. From there, I rode to Kamiesch—

some four or five miles along a winding ravine; the surrounding country is all steppe, stony, and barren, except some short grass, which serves as pasture for sheep and cattle. Here and there, are the ruins of houses, and vestiges of vineyards, which have been demolished since the arrival of the army, who have pulled down the houses for the sake of the wood and materials, and have dug up the vines for fuel. War makes short work of such places, and soon entirely changes the appearance, and renders desolate the face of the most fertile and cultivated country.

There is not much to be seen at Kamiesch. It is not to be compared to Balaklava and Kadikoi together. The bay is full of ships; and there is a large depôt of stores for the French army, very well arranged. Apart from them is a small town of huts and tents, with two streets through it—running parallel to each other, and full of shops, in which sardines seem to be the principle article exposed for sale. There are also plenty of cafés, much frequented by French officers—where they linger away hours drinking absinthe and eating chocolate.

Kamiesch would not be half the place it is if it were not for the Allied fleet, which is at anchor at a short distance outside the harbour. The constant presence of the officers, of course, adds very much to the trade and liveliness of the place.

The French have made a capital road to Balaklava—when, from some reason or other, we made none at all, in any direction, and suffered accordingly.

Among the many migratory birds which arrive in the Crimea, at this time of year, hoopoes appear to be about the most common. I counted thirteen to-day.

The 10th Hussars have arrived at Balaklava from Alexandria.

19*th*.—There was a reconnaissance made to-day, by the Turkish army, under Omar Pasha, accompanied by some English cavalry, horse artillery, and the Chasseurs d'Afrique. They went to Kamara and near to Tchorgoun, and returned after having exchanged a few shots with the Russian outposts. I knew nothing about it until it was too late to go; but from the telegraph on the Woronzoff-

road—from whence there is a view of the whole plain—I saw the troops returning; there was a nasty black wind blowing, and everything was indistinct. The French were firing rockets, from below the redoubt near the telegraph, at Cossack videttes, a long way off in the plain below. Crowds of civilians from Balaklava accompanied the troops—got in front of the skirmishers and in everybody's way, and caused great trouble. One or two having dismounted for the purpose of plundering, remained some distance in rear when the troops were retiring, and were taken prisoners by the Cossacks. If any engagement had taken place, the greater part of the amateurs, who would not have known how to take care of themselves, and being between two fires, would in all probability have been sacrificed. It is consequently given out that, on the next occasion, they will not be allowed to accompany the troops.

Some engineers of the Right Attack tell me that they cannot go on working until some rifle-pits, which are in their way, are taken; for they are shot at, at a distance of about

forty yards, through the gabions, before there is time to fill them with earth. A party of the Light Division is told off to-night for the purpose, under the command of Colonel Egerton, of the 77th.

20*th*. — The two obnoxious rifle-pits were taken last night; but the Russians advanced in force, and we were obliged to abandon one of them. Our loss was serious—about forty killed and wounded, principally of the 77th. Colonel Egerton and Captain Lempriere were killed; two more officers of the 77th were wounded, and one of the 55th. Two engineer officers, Owen and Baynes, were wounded; the former had his thigh amputated. It was only a partial success—as the French say. There appears to have been some mistake about bringing up the supports, and the original intentions were not properly carried out. The next night, the abandoned rifle-pit was taken possession of by a party of volunteers, under the command of Lieutenant Walker, of the 30th regiment, and several dead Russians were found in it. No resistance was offered by the enemy.

The firing during the day is now very moderate; but every night there is musketry as well, generally from the French, who blaze away at the Russians whenever they fire a gun.

22*nd*.—To-day was my first visit *into* the trenches. Indeed, up to this time, I have had no opportunity of going; for, when I was in camp last November, only the first parallels were made; and, besides, there were so many battles going on at the time, that I was constantly occupied in other ways. Since I have been in camp this time, I have had other things to do; and no one in his senses would go into the trenches while the bombardment was going on, if he could possibly keep out of them.

As for the numbers of persons who went into the trenches during the winter, and afterwards gave the public glowing accounts of what they had seen, and the dangers they had gone through, I think I may safely state that, at the time, there was little or no firing going on for months together. Most of the embrasures on both sides were closed; and these

adventurous spirits incurred little or no more danger than if they had never left Balaklava. I shall, on this occasion, once for all, detail my experiences, as subsequent visits were productive of little variety; and the public by this time have read quite enough of descriptions to enable them to form a correct opinion of the reality of the scene.

I went down to the left attack, accompanied by a deservedly distinguished and well-known officer of engineers (Colonel Chapman, C.B.), who offered to show me over the works, and explain to me whatever I wished to know. The approach to it is altogether ravine, known as the Valley of Death, and is *literally* almost paved with round shot and pieces of shell, which had come over our works from the Russian batteries. As we were going into the rear of the first parallel, some round shot were coming over, pitching into, or crossing the ravine in long bounds; and on getting into Chapman's Battery, a naval officer, in charge of some of the guns, said he had fired a few shots to provoke the Russians to answer, in order to drive away a crowd of lookers-on, who had assembled on a

hill a short distance in rear. It certainly had the desired effect; for the Russians fired a few shells, and scattered the 'grass combers,' as the sailors called them, in no time. When there are a lot of lookers-on at the hill above-mentioned, it is a favourite dodge of the sailor-gunners to open fire, to bring down some shot from the Russians, who now fire but little during the day, unless under the above provocation.

Our guns were firing at the Quarries, between the advanced works of the Right Attack and the Redan. The Russians, during last night, had mounted a field-piece there, and will gradually make a strong outwork if they are not stopped. They were not slow in returning our fire. "Look out," said the sailors; "there is a shell fired from the Barrack Battery, and it always comes this way." We ducked under the parapet, and it came rushing a few feet overhead, and pitched a hundred yards in rear, but did not burst. During the time I remained in the trenches, full three hours, there were plenty of shot and shell thrown in, but it was nothing, and

those used to it barely took the trouble to keep under cover. But it is very different when the guns on both sides are in full work, and the shot and shell come in like hail. People get used to everything. A shell is easily known by the 'swishing' noise it makes as it passes through the air, and which may be distinctly heard when it bursts. The pieces fly about with a peculiar shrill 'pinging' sound, which it is almost impossible to describe accurately.

From the first parallel, I went to the advanced works, passing the spot where Tryon, of the Rifle Brigade, drove the Russians out of their rifle-pits last winter, and was killed. Some of our last-made batteries have not yet been opened, and the entrances are closed. I believe the Left Attack is now pushed nearly as far as the nature of the ground will admit. The caves called the Ovens are near the extremity of the tongue of land which is enclosed between the Woronzoff and the Great Ravine, both of which meet below and form the head of the inner harbour, and is immediately above the cemetery, taken on the 18th of June.

I do not know why the appellation 'Ovens' should be applied to these caves; but I am very certain that it is not because the Russian soldiers used to bake their bread there before the war commenced, as some newspapers thought fit to inform us. In all probability they were used by herdsmen, as shelter for themselves and their flocks.

At present they serve as shelter for our covering parties, and are well protected; for, in front, there is a screen of sand-bags, which effectually stops the rifle-balls; and there is no danger, as long as the inhabitants do not show their heads over the parapet. The Russian rifle-men are in a lot of ruined houses, a little lower down the Great Ravine, and they keep up a constant fire at any one who shows himself, and our men return it. Their bullets were constantly buzzing just overhead. They are not nearly of so good a form as the Minié, or our Enfield rifle-bullet. The Flagstaff Battery appears but a short way off, across the ravine; and the embrasures have a most threatening appearance. I cannot but think that a well-directed shot, would send our

screen of sand-bags flying—and make short work of some of our men in the cave.

The approach to the Ovens, runs round the side of the hill, and from the rocky nature of the ground is as yet not very well sheltered. For about sixty yards, it is very much exposed to the Russian sharpshooters—there we had to dodge, crouch, and run. They fired several shots at us, but, luckily, all missed. After my return to camp, I told an officer, who always did duty in the Right Attack, where I had been; and he, the next day, went to see for himself. On his return, he communicated his adventures to another, who also went *en amateur*; and in passing this very spot, was shot through the head.

While I was in the advanced trenches, the shot from both sides were passing over-head; and their roar was constant. Many who have been in the advanced works, during the bombardment, say that the noise of the shot passing above them was so great, that at times they could not hear themselves speak. Going homewards, out of the battery, I came in for a few distant shells, which the Russians

usually send up in the evening on speculation, in the hopes of catching our working parties, as they leave the trenches.

In passing through the works, along parallel batteries, covered ways, &c., one goes over more ground than people who have never been there, would imagine; and the distance of even the first parallels from the camp is considerable—as those, who value their safety, would naturally follow the windings of the ravines, in the day time. I have often heard people, in England, talk as if they thought it an easy thing to leave the camp, walk through the trenches, and be back again in an hour—as well as they could visit their gardens, or their stables. In hot weather, or when the ground is muddy, a trip through the trenches is most toilsome, and fatiguing work—to say nothing of the danger incurred.

In the evening I went to dine with a friend belonging to the artillery. After dinner, a French officer walked in—I forget his name; but he was a captain of the 6me Dragons. He was very sore at the way the English always spoke of the chasseurs d'Afrique, and

the Zouaves; and the estimation in which we hold them — preferring them to the other French troops. He said, that our newspapers always spoke of them, as if they, alone, had anything to do with the fighting; and, that our "bonne reine, Victoria," from reading them, must form the same opinion; but it was not the case. There were only about four thousand Zouaves, and two regiments of chasseurs d'Afrique, in the Crimea; while there were fifty thousand infantry of the line. Consequently, the Zouaves, being so few, could not have played a principal part in what has been done. In his idea, they were not any better, if as good, as the others. According to what he said, it was not the Zouaves who rendered us such timely aid at Inkerman, but some battalions of the line— who, as he averred, did far more good service than the Zouaves. He was most vehement in his words and gesticulations, and his volubility was so great, that it was most difficult to follow him in what he said.

Great jealousy exists between the different branches of the French army, and of the

Zouaves in particular. The reason of this is, I conclude, what the French officer has just told us. Still, there is no doubt but that the Zouaves are their best men, and naturally so; because, if I undertand right, they are principally from Paris, and other large towns, and are consequently more intelligent; and having always been more or less on active service in Africa, they have acquired the habits and experience of old campaigners, which gives them a decided superiority over those regiments who have only lately left France.

CHAPTER XIX.

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS.

April 22*nd.*—THE ground is now so thickly covered with tents, that, on a dark night, it is a most difficult thing to find one's way. Lights, numerous as the stars, are gleaming in all directions; and, without a good knowledge of the ground, one is very likely to lose the right course, and be brought up short, by tumbling over unseen tent-pegs, or into some hole or heap of rubbish which has not yet been covered up.

23*rd.*—The Third Division races came off to-day, just in rear of their camp. While they were going on, a French battalion—the 16th of the line, who are encamped in rear of

the Second Division—were at drill, in heavy marching order — with camp kettles, *tentes d'abri*, and all complete; so I went off to see what I take far more interest in than bad horse-racing. They deployed from column into line—formed column again by file marching—formed square from open column—prepared to receive cavalry—and finally marched past in quick time. Their drill very much resembled ours, differing only in a few immaterial details. Like us, they now work in two ranks only. It was a good performance, but all the movements I saw were in column. I should like to have seen a smart English regiment, well-handled, brought on the ground — advance in line, form square on the two centre sub-divisions, and perform a few select manœuvres. I think the French would say—and justly, too — "*C'est magnifique.*"

There is a certain party in this camp, but not a very large one, whose constant theme of conversation is the harm, which they allege, the presence of newspaper correspondents causes; and they bray out their opinions at

every opportunity, in season, and out of season. It is utterly useless to talk to, or reason with them—one might as well talk to the sea, in a gale of wind, and ask it to be calm. They have got hold of some cock-and-bull story, about Mr. Russell having published in his earlier Crimean letters, information, which led the Russians to direct their fire upon the windmill, during the battle of Inkerman, knowing it to be stored with powder; and this they invariably bring forward, as a proof of their argument. A few wiseacres, have also urged, that one of the reasons why we lost so many general officers at Inkerman, was, that Mr. Russell had stated in his letters, that our generals wore cocked hats and feathers! Upon this, I think, I need hardly make any comment; and as for the powder story, the letter alluded to was written on the 4th of October; and although the newspaper in which it was printed, *might* certainly have reached Sebastopol, within a month, still, the Russians need hardly have procured their information of what took place in our camp, *viâ* London and St. Petersburgh, at least three

weeks late; when they could have obtained it by means of their own spies, in a few days, or perhaps hours; for it is a notorious fact, that the camp always has been, and is, full of Russian spies, who can go in and out without difficulty. I am prepared to admit, that some slight evil is caused by the presence of newspaper correspondents; but I maintain, and I know that I am backed up in my statement by a large number, whose opinion is worth having—that the presence of correspondents, has been productive of great benefit to the army and the public, by showing up *at the time* the hardships our troops suffered, and the causes thereof; and that the good they have done has far exceeded the evil. Even the evil, by a little judicious management, might be entirely dissipated; but the only remedy these gentlemen aforesaid can propose, is to hang all the newspaper correspondents—more especially Mr. Russell!—and I have heard officers on the staff, thinking to propitiate their generals, propose it with the greatest glee.

They do not consider, that, if all the correspondents were to leave the army to-morrow,

the same information would be given by officers themselves—only in a manner not half so satisfactory to the army or the public; and it cannot be denied that, throughout the winter, the statements of the correspondents were corroborated by letters from officers. The English people *will* have information of what their armies are doing, over and above the dry details of an official despatch; and it is better it should be given openly by a known man, than anonymously by officers, for it is sure to be done one way or the other.

There are also some gentlemen who insist that the accounts published in the papers of the hardships suffered by the army during the winter are not only much exaggerated, but in many instances false. They contend also that such sufferings as were experienced are inseparable from winter campaigns. These gentlemen were living, during that time, in comparatively good quarters, passed every night in bed, and were not exposed to fire or weather. They were either well-fed by their generals, or had plenty of money at their command to buy any luxury or necessary at

any price, no matter how exorbitant; and as they never stirred out except when they could not help it, and then never went far, they were ignorant of what took place. Knowing nothing themselves, and doubting what they heard and read, they were not likely to give much information to their superiors.

I do not believe that the papers contained the least exaggeration. The wonder is—not that the men died during winter, but that any of them survive it.

Facetious young gentlemen often used to inform their admiring friends at home, that, when hard up for amusement, they went to Mr. Russell, and told him tales of their own invention, which he believed, and gave the benefit of to the public. All I can say is, that these would-be wits must have got up very early in the morning — as the saying is—to deceive Mr. Russell, who, although he might pretend to believe them, was too *au fait* at what passed in camp, and obtained far too good information, to be deceived by such shallow impostors; and they pay themselves a very poor compliment, by deriding him for

having believed them, as they supposed. It is certainly possible that he might, in a few trivial matters, have written from false information; but his information, false or true, was not derived from this class of persons.

24*th*.—There was another fight on the left, with the French, about nine p.m.—the same as usual, plenty of shells and musketry—and it continued all night. These sort of things are now so frequent, that we take very little notice of them.

Sir John Mc Neill is now in camp, making enquiries into the causes of the hardships suffered by the army during the winter, the defects of the commissariat arrangements, &c.; and statistical facts have been sent into him from all regiments, in answer to queries he has been empowered to make. Of course, I could only know what more immediately concerned me, and I subjoin some particulars concerning the 95th Regiment. They had fresh meat 11 days in September; 4 in October; 11 in November; 3 in December; 10 in January; 7 in February; and 10 in March.

Since the 14th of September, the day they

landed in the Crimea, 855 rank and file strong (and 152 subsequently arrived from England), there have been 1453 admissions into hospital.

561 have been sent to Scutari, many of whom have died.

There have died in camp:—43 of fever; 5, lungs; 79, bowel complaints; 18, cholera; 4, scurvy; 8, frost-bites; 19, wounds. Total: —176, to 31st of March, the day the return was made up.

At the battle of Alma, their strength was 677 rank and file; and the loss was 6 officers, 44 men, killed; 12 officers, 142 men, wounded.

On the 26th of October, 1 man was killed, and 9 wounded.

At the battle of Inkerman, their strength was 477, rank and file; and the loss was 1 officer, 27 men, killed; 3 officers, 112 men, wounded; and only two men have been wounded in the trenches.

This may be taken as a specimen. I believe many regiments have suffered as much, but few have lost more men altogether. There are now about eighty men of the regiment returned for trench duty; but that

is not their whole strength, as many are employed as servants, bâtmen, hospital orderlies, with the commissariat, and in a variety of other ways.

25*th.*—To day I came across an artist, who was sketching the well near the windmill. He had begun the sketch some time ago, but was interrupted by a French gend'arme, who, considering him to be a spy, took him to his colonel, by whom he was sent on to Bosquet, who immediately released him, and reprimanded the gend'arme for his officiousness. The artist had passes from Lord Raglan and Sir Colin Campbell to go about the camp; but the gend'arme and his colonel would not recognize them.

26*th.*—A review of a large number of French troops took place to-day. They assembled on the edge of the plateau overlooking the plain and Balaklava; and the Russians on the Mackenzie Heights could see all that took place. There was a strong force of artillery and cavalry, also Infantry of the line, Chasseurs de Vincennes, Zouaves, Indigenes, and Marine Infantry. The cavalry consisted of

two regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and two of heavy dragoons. There were said to have been on the ground thirty-five thousand infantry, two thousand cavalry, and sixty-two guns. It was a review of the troops on the right—I believe, the 2nd Corps d'Armée. There had been a review of the 1st Corps—those on the extreme left—a few days previously, near Kamiesch. Canrobert made a speech to the assembled officers, which I did not hear; but I understand he said that large reinforcements were expected, and that Sebastopol *must* be taken.

He went down the line of artillery and double line of battalions of infantry in column —the former being drawn up at intervals between the brigades. He was followed by a large staff, and numbers of English officers, many of whom wore the rabbit-skin coats which had been served out to them during the winter. This brought out a notice in general orders, a day or two later, commenting on it, and saying that to appear in such a costume on such an occasion was not creditable. The scarlet, however, afforded a very pleasing

variety to the eye, among so many blue coats.

When he had passed down the whole, he took up a position near the camp of our Second Division, and the infantry and artillery defiled before him. The former moved much quicker than ours do, although carrying heavier weights. The Chasseurs and Zouaves passed in the best order. After the infantry, the artillery passed in full gallop. One horse fell in passing Canrobert, and the gun consequently dropped to the rear. He then went down the line of cavalry, who were drawn up not far off, after which they trotted past. The Chasseurs d'Afrique turned out the best. They are mounted on small African horses, chiefly greys, and look admirably well-suited for out-post duty. It was near sunset when the review was over. The French troops have certainly a most beautiful and soldier-like appearance.

The plateau of the camp has a wonderful appearance, being thickly dotted with tents. From the crest of the hill, near the telegraph station, on the Woronzoff road, there is a

splendid panoramic view of the camp, Balaklava, the valley of the Tchernaya, Kamara, Tchorgoun, the entrance to the glen leading to Baidar, and the mountains beyond. Near Tchorgoun, the Russians have constructed, down the slope of a hill, three parallels, connected by zigzags; but it is difficult to imagine with what object, except as practice for their men; for we took possession of them, and the ground near, on the 24th of May, without any resistance.

From Cathcart's Hill, there is another fine panoramic view, comprising the camp, Kamiesch, the left of the French position, the allied fleets, the harbour and town of Sebastopol, and the batteries on both sides—the north side of the harbour, and encampments on the Belbek; also of the Heights of Inkerman, and the field of battle. Convoys of waggons may always be seen arriving and departing on the north side, bringing supplies into the town.

Lord Raglan was not at the review: he went to Balaklava to receive Lord Stratford, who arrived to-day, and for whom a guard of honour was sent down.

27*th*.—The races of the First Division took place at Karani. The race-course is in the hollow just below the village, and in full view of the Russian outposts on the hills about Kamara. The Russians must certainly think us an odd race of people—to carry all our national institutions about, and establish them wherever we go—even to a railway and electric telegraph.

The late Russian commandant of Balaklava, was present with his family. He is an obese old party; and although dressed in his uniform —a blue frock-coat, and flat, stiff forage cap —looked a most ungainly figure. He was mounted on an old pony, which he sat like a sack. His family were seated on the hill. I had been told that one of the girls was pretty, and accordingly went to see, but found them all very ordinary-looking articles.

There are now a great quantity of tourists living on board ships at Balaklava, and there was a strong muster of them at the races. They do not come much up to the front, except for the day, returning to Balaklava in the evening.

There was another review of French troops near head-quarters, principally of the Imperial Guard. Had I known of it in time, I should have gone to see it in preference to going to the races.

The submarine telegraph is now completed between Varna and the monastery, but is only allowed to be used by the chiefs of the English and French armies and fleets.

I heard to-day that Dr. Gavin, of the Sanitary Commission, had been accidentally shot with a revolver by his brother (who subsequently died of cholera). No doubt, a revolver is a most formidable weapon in the hands of a careful person, accustomed to handle firearms; but is by no means adapted for the ordinary use of soldiers or seamen; and it would be most dangerous to arm them indiscriminately with this weapon. They would be far more likely to shoot themselves, or their friends, than do any damage to their enemies. I think that but few officers can say that they have shot any Russians with revolvers. The only one who I know for certain to have effectively used one, is Captain Markham,

previously mentioned. On the other hand I can mention fully half-a-dozen, who have seriously injured themselves, by the accidental discharge of these pistols; and one of the number died from the effects of the wound so received.

A great deal of ingenuity is displayed by many officers, in the way they have arranged and furnished their tents and huts. Many have dug out the soil inside the former, and this gives a great deal of additional room; and by putting another tent outside, so as to double the canvass, they make it warm in winter, and cool in summer — especially if the earth is thrown up outside, so as to form a parapet. In comfort, especially in wet weather, a tent is not to be compared to a hut. A marquee is very superior to a bell tent; but there is always the disagreeable flapping of the canvass. A bell tent is a nasty place in wet weather, from the difficulty of keeping the door well closed; and any one coming in always brings in a lot of mud on his shoes, besides letting in the rain and damp. At such times, writing is a difficult undertaking, and if pos-

sible to be avoided, even with a seat and table, for the pole vibrates so much from the effect of the wind, as to communicate its motion to the table.

The contrast between what our army now is, and the state it was in during the winter, is very great; how they were then, has been often described — now, all look smart and jolly. They have rations regularly, and good supplies of fresh meat and vegetables, and plenty of waterproof clothing for trench duty and wet weather. They also have their new clothing for the present year.

The work, too, is much lighter for them; but even now they have rarely two nights in bed, and all our works are under-manned. As for the officers, they are in good spirits, look clean and well-dressed, and ride about on neat ponies. There are good supplies of beer, wine, and all sorts of luxuries to be got at Balaklava; and all live well, and spend lots of money. Some few have established gardens, but this can only be done in a few localities, and are exceptions rather than the rule. Moreover, it is very difficult to obtain seeds.

Nearly all keep poultry, and have fresh eggs pretty regularly. The hens have a great fancy for laying in the beds, and frequently take to roving, and lay in the tents of those to whom they do not belong; the eggs are then confiscated as fair prizes. Every morning, long before sunrise, the camp resounds with the crowing of cocks. Some have milch goats; and I know of one officer who manages to have a supply of camels' milk every day. It is very good, but any fresh milk is preferable to what is preserved in tins—still, even that is better than none at all.

The Crimean Army Fund has been of great assistance, in supplying comforts and necessaries, and in keeping down prices. The mess I have joined has had brushes, combs, carpets, a jar of Welbeck ale, an excellent ham, and other useful articles, supplied to them from the Fund. Some potted-game was also sent, but it proved to be mouldy and uneatable. Some of the things were given gratis, while others had to be paid for. It is as good a mess as any I have seen, and we have an excellent caterer, who is regardless of expense.

Liquids are abundant and various, and attract the numerous acquaintance of the aforesaid caterer — and their name is legion. They 'drop in' at all hours, and corks are as constantly popping.

I feel quite satisfied with the mode of life and the 'comforts' around me. Our cook is not a first-rate one, and an *omelette au rhum* is a great achievement; but I have a better appetite, and enjoy what I have far more than I did the best dinner I ever got in England; and I sleep sounder and better on my boards than I have ever done in the most luxurious bed it has been my lot to lie in.

During Lord Stratford's stay in the Crimea, an attaché of the Embassy heedlessly went into the French trenches one night, when a smart contest was going on, and, having no uniform, not being provided with a pass, and unknown to anyone, was seized for a spy, and taken before one of the generals, who questioned him. He answered, among other things, that he was an Englishman. The general disbelieved him, and even went so far as to tell him he lied; and, to prove it, sent for a

French officer, who was supposed to be a great linguist, and well-acquainted with the English language. He came, and, after a few preliminary observations, put the question:—"I say, you have been to Liverpool?" "No," was the reply; "I have not been in Liverpool." Upon this the officer turned to the general, took off his cap, and said—"*Il n'est pas un Anglais, mon general.*"

I think the idea of an Englishman having to establish his nationality in a Frenchman's idea, by a visit to Liverpool, is delightful! After some more altercation, the attaché managed to satisfy the general that he was not a spy, and was released; but he fully deserved the treatment he met with for his rashness in going at such a time into the trenches without any proper authority.

30*th.*—The French kept up a sharp musketry fire all night, but one can never learn the result of their perpetual skirmishes; which are, no doubt, caused by the close proximity of their works to the Russians. The engineers of our Right Attack, now say they cannot push on the sap there until the French take

the Mamelon; which would enfilade or even fire into the rear of our works, if they are advanced any further.

To-day I bought a pony to ride about the camp. A few lines will recount his appearance and history, and then I shall dismiss him, not to be again mentioned. He did not cost me a large sum, for I thought that in my case it would have been folly to buy an expensive animal. Being always on the move, whenever I went away there would be no one to look after him—and sometimes I was away for a month or two months at a time, when, I conclude, he was generally on short commons, for, on my return from an expedition, I always found him looking in bad condition, and his appearance used to improve wonderfully after I had been a short time resident in camp, when the more I rode him the better he went—which was a great merit in his character! His name was Poppet, and his colour was iron-grey; in fact, he somewhat resembled a large, long-tailed sheep-dog! Latterly, he incurred my displeasure, for either from a peculiarity of taste, or a desire for change of food, he ate

three bridles, whose aggregate value was nearly as much as he was worth!

Still, I do not consider him a bad purchase, for, after my final departure from the Crimea, he was sold for the same sum I gave for him. He had been upwards of six months in my possession; and while I was in camp he used to do constant work.

CHAPTER XX.

ABORTIVE EXPEDITION TO KERTCH.

THE plain of the Tchernaya is still partially flooded, and full of long grass. The trees down there are in full leaf. The Heights of Inkerman are covered with a great variety of wild flowers; and I see some large snakes lying about which have been killed by the French soldiers. The north side of the harbour is covered with batteries which command all the approaches, and would prevent our crossing the river. They keep up a constant fire at the French works on Shell Hill, or thereabouts. If the people in England who

are perpetually asking why our troops remain cooped up in camp when they ought to take the field, and blame the commanders for their inactivity, were to see the Mackenzie Heights well-armed with batteries—both guns of position, and field artillery—and defended by a numerous army, so much so that Sebastopol itself could as easily be stormed, they might be induced to change their opinion, and spare some of the censure they have so freely bestowed.

May 2nd.—Last night the French had another fight on the left; and it appears they gained some advantage, and took eight cohorn mortars and five Russian officers. They are much elated at their success. The (first) expedition to Kertch was to have started to-day; but, as the preparations were not finished in time, its departure is deferred until to-morrow. It will consist of the steam-fleet; a battalion of marines; the 42nd, 79th, and 93rd Highlanders; a battery of artillery; fifty cavalry; engineer officers and sappers; land transport corps; commissariat, &c. The French send ten or twelve thousand men on

board their steamers. All the land forces are to be under the command of Sir George Brown.

May 3rd. — I went down to Balaklava early, to try and get a passage in one of the transports, going with the expedition. The harbour was in a great state of confusion, with the embarkation of troops and stores. I at last succeeded; but it was only after considerable difficulty and vexation; and on this occasion only, did I meet with anything like incivility from any of the authorities, during my protracted stay in the Crimea. There was one steamer in particular, in which I wished to obtain a passage, in order to accompany a friend, who formed one of the expedition. I thought I had arranged everything satisfactorily, when I was accosted in a most abrupt manner, by an officer whom I had never seen before, and informed by him, that I could not be allowed to go in that or any other vessel. His manner was most offensive and insulting, and implied more than his words; and I have never met anywhere, with such rudeness and want of common courtesy, before or since. I did not then

know who he was, or to what department he belonged. As my object was to go with the expedition, and his was to prevent me, I did not stop to bandy words with him, for time was of the utmost consequence. By dint of some management and perseverance, and great civility on the part of others—to whom I feel much indebted for their disinterested kindness, I succeeded in spite of all he could do to prevent me. I must own, that before the steamer left, I heard, with some satisfaction, that he had fallen overboard, or into the harbour, and got so complete a ducking, that he had been obliged to go away to change his clothes. I afterwards heard that this officer, whose name has been since frequently, in anything but a complimentary manner, brought before the public was notorious for his disagreeable and offensive manner towards all with whom he came in contact, and that he was universally disliked. I have mentioned this occurrence to, at least, a dozen different officers, and there was hardly one who did not inform me, that he also had experienced the same offensive behaviour.

The steamer in which I went was laden with horses, Land Transport mules, and *materiel.* The decks were crowded with carts, pack-saddles, and native muleteers, lying about in all directions. We left the harbour in the evening, went to Kamiesch for orders, and arrived there after moonrise. The fleet had already sailed in the direction of Odessa, but, as it was foggy, we could not perceive their absence. We went alongside a French two-decker, and asked—"*Ou est l'amiral Anglais?*" "*Il est parti ce soir,*" was the reply. Then, to another French ship, the same question—and same answer. Then we saw the *Queen* looming through the fog—these three being about the only ships of the line left. A boat was sent on board, and orders were given to proceed to a rendezvous, about ten miles off Cape Takli—Straits of Kertch. The steamer was short of coals at starting; there was ten days' forage on board, but only fresh water for four days.

4*th.*—Sea very calm. About noon we were off Kaffa, but a long way from land. To the eastward of Kaffa, the coast of the Crimea is

low, with occasional hills; one of these is described in the 'Sailing Directions for the Black Sea,' much to resemble the Rock of Gibraltar. There are also two white rocks, which, at a distance, appear like ships under sail. Several birds came on board; among them were doves, a hoopoe, a goatsucker, willow wrens, and redstarts. In the evening, we arrived at the rendezvous; there were only three steamers in sight, so we hove to until morning. Soon after dark, perfect tranquility reigned on board—there was not a voice to be heard. No one would imagine it was a vessel laden with warlike stores, and on a warlike expedition.

5th.—About five o'clock a.m., sighted the fleet, and soon after came alongside the *Royal Albert*, leading the starboard division, while the *Hannibal* led the port division. Just at the time, a large flock of cranes passed overhead, flying in a figure which much resembled that in which the fleet was sailing. The French vessels were astern of ours—I counted forty-three sail, being about the whole number composing the expedition. There were vessels

of all sizes, from a three-decker to the small river and tug-steamer. Many of the gun-boats and small steamers were towed by the large screw-ships. The whole flotilla steamed slowly as possible to the eastward, and as the sea was perfectly calm, appeared to great advantage. Land was visible to the south-east, which I take to be somewhere in the neighbourhood of Anapa. We were too far off land to see what might be going on there, but the Russians could certainly have seen the ships, although they could not have known whether the expedition was destined for Kaffa, Anapa, or Kertch, for we were about equidistant from all three.

About ten o'clock a.m., we heard that the 'game was up,' and the expedition was to be abandoned; and nothing could exceed the disgust depicted in everybody's face—no one could make out the reason—a French steamer had brought an order from Canrobert, desiring the French admiral to return, and the French ships started off homewards, without delay.

The English ships waited for a despatch

from Lord Raglan. It did not arrive until late, and then we got orders to return to Balaklava, and went off full speed. After dark, the lights of the various vessels white, red, and green, were gleaming in all directions—and the effect was most pleasing.

I afterwards heard that Canrobert had been averse to the expedition from the first. Soon after it had started, he received a telegraphic message to prepare as much transport as he could, to bring up French troops from the Bosphorus. Accordingly, he made that an excuse and a reason for re-calling the French portion of the expedition, to the great disgust of Lord Raglan. And *we* could not go on alone.

As it happened, it did not much matter; for Kertch was afterwards captured easily enough. But had the Russians taken alarm—assembled a large body of troops, fortified the town, and their sea-batteries on the land side, and sunk fresh ships in the Straits—what might at first have been a comparatively easy undertaking, would have been a most difficult and tedious operation—only to have been accomplished with a great sacrifice of life.

It was a great disappointment to all engaged in it. The admiral was so annoyed that he went to bed immediately.

6*th.*—Back again in Balaklava. We had expected that we should here learn the cause of our recal; but no one knew anything, and were surprised to see us come back—partly supposing that it was on account of bad weather, as at Balaklava the weather had been stormy during our absence.

For some days, speculation was rife on the cause of the return of the expedition, and some most absurd reasons were offered. Some averred that it was because Sir George Brown had forgotten to take his stock with him! while others urged that could not possibly be the case, because it was well known that the general always wore it—even when asleep!

8*th.*—Rode over to Streletzka, or Arrow Bay—the first large bay to the south from Quarantine Bay—with three or four others; some of whom went with the intention of fishing in the creek, or shooting, if anything could be found; but they went on a fool's errand. There was nothing to shoot, for the French

officers take care to kill even all the larks and small birds everywhere near their camps, which cover the whole country; and as for fishing, one might sit for hours under a broiling sun, without catching anything more than three inches long. The French soldiers, however, by patience and assiduity, manage to catch fish—also shrimps. They congregate in numbers about these creeks, for bathing, washing, &c.; and the number of red trowsers one sees in every direction is marvellous. They are very crafty at finding dandelions, and other edible plants, in the ravines, which they convert into salad.

There are *cantinières* to every French regiment, and the canteen-tents offer great attractions to our soldiers, who go to them and get most gloriously drunk. A good many fish are now caught at Balaklava, and brought to market daily. The turbot, with spines—previously mentioned—is common; also red mullet, which are most delicious eating. Mr. Russell has procured an iron house from England, and had it erected not far from Cathcart's Hill. It is lined with wood, and

the best article of the sort I have yet seen. It contains two rooms. He has, moreover, a three-stalled wooden stable, a coach-house, and an enclosure for poultry.

10*th*.—Last night was very dark. About half-past one a.m., the Russians made a sortie along the whole line, but were soon repulsed. The firing, especially the musketry, was very heavy. The Russians threw up a great many shells, and some of them pitched on the hill, in front of the Light Division. The air was lighted up with the shells bursting, and the incessant flashing of the guns.

It rained heavily from five a.m. until late in the afternoon. The next night was very dark, and about ten p.m. the Russians made another sortie.

11*th*.—Rain nearly all day. The sortie last night was much the same as before. The Russians take advantage of the dark nights to creep unseen to the advanced trench, and molest the working parties. Twenty-three of our men are said to be killed and wounded. Blowing hard after dark, with very heavy rain.

12*th.*—Another sortie last night, but on the Left Attack this time. An officer of the 68th was killed, and upwards of thirty men *hors de combat.*

Wretched day. We have now had three days' successive rain, which is about the usual allowance in these climates. When it begins to rain, one may be pretty certain that it will last for three days; and the second day is always the worst.

The infantry officers complain greatly of the want of banquettes in the trenches. They say that some elevation for the men to stand upon is necessary, so as to fire clear of the parapet; and as there is nothing of the sort in our trenches, the men cannot bring the muzzles of their firelocks sufficiently low, but fire into the air, far over the heads of the enemy, whenever the latter make an attack.

13*th.*—Very heavy firing again last night in the Right Attack. Fine day to day. The camp is in a most horrid state, the roads are broken up, and the mud is ancle deep wherever there has been any trampling of men or horses; and wherever they have *not* been, one

does not want to go. In the evening, went over to the Zouaves' Theatre, at their camp near the Windmill. The performers are all Zouaves, even to the female parts, which are very well done. The proceeds are said to go to the French prisoners of war. The audience sit in the open air, on raised mounds of earth, covered with a blanket. Zouave sentries were posted *en grande tenue* all round the excavation in which the spectators sat, and gave a most picturesque effect to the whole. For an hour or so, once in a way, it is all very well to see; but to remain there for three hours and a-half, under a heavy dew, and then have to ride home on a very dark night through deep mud as I did, is rather more than I seem to care about.

It appears that the Vienna conference is ended at last, and that Lord John Russell has returned to London. Peace, is of course, still far off, and Austria will continue to be a spectator of, instead of an actor in, the game.

The general orders recommend officers to procure their full complement of baggage

animals without delay. The tent equipage is also to be completed.

15*th*.—Sardinian troops were disembarking to-day at Balaklava. I saw artillery, grenadiers, and Bersaglieri, or riflemen. The grenadiers wear shakos, light grey frock coats and trousers. The rifles wear a dark uniform, and a round, shiny hat, with a plume of green cock's feathers. They are very nice-looking troops; but, after all, I see *none* anywhere anything to compare to our own, in spite of their inferior costume.

Balaklava presents a curious appearance with the variety of nations, costumes, and uniforms to be seen there. In the latter particular, I should not think it was surpassed by Paris in 1815, after the battle of Waterloo, when I have read that the uniforms of all the allied forces were to be seen there.

In Balaklava now, one may see in the course of half-an-hour, English naval, cavalry, infantry, and artillery uniforms; French uniforms, of every branch of their service, including Zouave indigenes, who wear a light blue costume and a white turban; Sardinians—

both naval and military; and Turks and Egyptians. There are also Maltese, in their pendant woollen caps; Tartars in sheep-skin caps; sailors; Croats; Greeks; blackguards of all descriptions; and navvies.

The Guards go out to drill in the Plain of Balaklava, dressed in their white fatigue jackets. At a distance they would appear like Austrians to the Russian outposts. The plain is now full of forage, and it is not unlikely that we may again occupy the line of Turkish redoubts, so that the cavalry may benefit by it. The medical officers of the Second Division are now informed that they must prepare to have their hospitals ready to be moved at the shortest notice.

18*th*.—Very hot. A great number of migratory birds are now to be found about the outskirts of the camp. Hoopoes and Alpine swifts are abundant, the latter breed in numbers in the cliffs near the monastery. Rollers and bee-eaters are also to be seen frequently.

I went to-day to the Heights of Inkerman to shoot and ornithologize. The quarry ravine was alive with various sorts of birds.

I succeeded in killing a roller, a nightjar, and two sorts of shrikes, the red-backed shrike, and the lesser grey shrikes, both of which are very common. I also obtained a specimen of the barred warbler (*Curruca nisoria*—Gould's birds of Europe). The brushwood was full of them; but having only large shot, the small birds were difficult to procure, unless in so damaged a state as to be useless for preserving. The roller I killed was close to the limekiln, containing three hundred and forty Russians. I saw another, and followed it some way down the ravine, but was stopped by the French pickets; without reason, I think, as the French soldiers go right down to the Tchernaya with mules, to cut and forage. The heat in the quarries was intense, there was not a breath of air stirring, and one might have fried eggs upon the white stones. It is from these quarries that the stone for building the forts and houses in Sebastopol has been procured. Having a black wide-awake hat on, and no turban, I got a slight *coup de soleil*, and a violent headache for the next twenty-four hours.

The horses, before-mentioned, as having been dragged down to this ravine, have been lightly covered up with earth, in a grave, perhaps, one hundred yards in length; and the heat of the sun causes a most offensive smell to arise from them.

I wished to have made a collection of Crimean birds, but the limits of the camp, at that time, were so circumscribed, that it was difficult to go in pursuit of them; and since that time, during the whole of my stay, I never had another opportunity of making a similar excursion, as my time was always taken up with other matters.

At this time, I have no doubt, I could have obtained military employment in the Turkish Contingent, if I had applied for it; or still higher rank in the Turkish army, under Omar Pasha, as he is fond of having English officers. But any such employment would have removed me from the siege, in which I felt so much interested; and at the end of which, I always hoped to be present. Moreover, I am not fond of Turks; and to be thrown entirely among them, with little or no society of my

own countrymen, would not have suited me at all; and it is doubtful whether any advantages I might have gained, would have in any way repaid me for the many inconveniencies I should have had to put up with. I had, also, great objections to *asking* a third time for employment. I had done so twice, and been refused; for I omitted to mention, that when I was in England, I enquired whether, having left the army, I could be again employed with it, and received an answer in the negative. I felt, therefore, that it was useless to apply to be employed with the English regular army, in any capacity I could take; and I had a dislike to asking for employment with the Turks, which I knew would be distasteful to me. Still, I always resolved, that if any *offer* of suitable employment were made, I would accept it without hesitation.

I have known many men, who never were in the East before, sent out from England to fill appointments, the duties of which required a knowledge of the country, and an intimacy with the habits and feelings of its people. This knowledge I already possessed;

and, moreover, my acquaintance with many whose long residence in Turkey, had rendered them intimate with its internal economy, and all the "dodges," essential to success in any transaction, would have enabled me, *at once*, to set about discharging these duties, while the holders of the appointments, unavoidably lost much precious time, before they could acquire sufficient experience to qualify them to carry them on in a manner efficient for the public service.

CHAPTER XXI.

SECOND EXPEDITION TO KERTCH.

May 21*st.*—HEARD rumours of a second expedition to Kertch being in preparation, I at once went out to make inquiries; and the news was soon confirmed. It was to be much the same as the last, and again to be under the command of Sir George Brown.

The flank companies of the Guards were at first ordered to embark, but were subsequently countermanded. I then went to Balaklava to see if there was likely to be any chance of my being able to obtain a passage; for I always make it a rule never to let an opportunity

slip away if I can possibly avoid it. I had not been there long when I met Captain Coles, R.N., commanding the *Stromboli*, which was to form part of the expedition. Such an opportunity was not to be lost, so I at once accepted, and went back to camp to prepare for embarking next day. I told several friends what I was going to do; and the general reply was, "Don't you be such a fool as to go in a man-of-war: you will be getting under fire of the batteries, and be shot. Why don't you go in a transport?" I had afterwards great reason to congratulate myself at having been so fortunate as to obtain a passage in the *Stromboli*, for it enabled me to enter the Sea of Azoff, which I had for many years a great desire to see. The cordial reception I met with on board, and the constant excitement, all contributed to render the trip I made one of the most agreeable that can be imagined.

22*nd*.—Looking out of my tent early in the morning, I saw symptoms of packing and departure at Sir George Brown's quarters, which were not far distant; accordingly, I made

ready to be off myself. I put a few things into a small carpet-bag, slung them across the saddle, rode in to Balaklava, and went on board the *Stromboli*, then lying in the bay. Four companies of the 93rd Highlanders had been embarked, and the ship was crowded both on deck and below.

We sailed in the evening, with the *Mariner* transport, laden with artillery, in tow, for the fleet off Kasatch, and there got orders to proceed to a rendezvous off Cape Takli, at the entrance of the Straits of Kertch. At the time we left, a sharp fire was going on between the French and the Russians. It was the occasion when the former took possession of the church and cemetery, at the head of Quarantine Bay.

23*rd*.—Very hot, and the sea calm as a pond. Early in the morning we were off Yalta, and, although some distance from shore, could plainly see the country houses, Woronzoff's Palace, and other places. The general formation of the coast reminded me of the Under-cliff in the Isle of Wight. Before midday we were off Cape Aitodor. The prevail-

ing feeling on board was, that there would be a battle before next day's sunset, and that many would learn 'the great secret' before then; but all very cheerful. Ships in all directions round, straggling to the rendezvous.

24*th*.—About half past two a.m., the *Stromboli* arrived at the appointed rendezvous. The other ships soon came up—nearly sixty sail in all. The following signal was made from the *Royal Albert*—"Troops to dine at eleven a.m., and disembark afterwards, taking two days' rations on shore with them. To disembark in light marching order, and leave the blankets on board, to be landed afterwards." A fight was evidently expected. Eight steamers were told off to cover the landing—*Miranda*, *Stromboli*, *Furious*, *Sidon*, *Leopard*, *Terrible*, *Sphinx*, and *Gladiator*. This time I determined I would note down every event as it occurred. At a quarter-past ten a.m., the expedition was inside Cape Takli, and entering the Straits of Kertch, formed in order of battle, troop-ships and transports leading. The water began soon to get shallow, and change in colour from a dark to a pale green. In our advance we dis-

turbed a large flock of pelicans, which rose and flew far out of sight. I saw people running about on the hills near the Takli Lighthouse, standing on eminences and looking at us.

At twelve at noon, the ships of the line anchored, there being not sufficient water for them to proceed higher up. All the smaller vessels, however, continued to advance. I could see the people on the shore of the Crimea, leaving their villages in dismay, and Cossacks driving the cattle into the interior. There appeared to be a great number of vessels at anchor off Yenikalé; we could see their masts plainly, but they were far away. Soon after, the French troops began to disembark into large flat-bottomed and other boats; and by one p.m., the disembarkation from all the vessels commenced.

Paddle-box boats and pinnaces were hoisted out, and the water was soon covered with small craft, full of soldiers. Some French soldiers were the first who landed, in the bay of Kamiesch Burun, near a large marsh, and close to a village on a low cliff, about two

miles south of Cape Ak Bournou. I believe Kamiesch means "reedy." It is a word which constantly occurs in maps of these parts. Fortunately the services of the eight covering steamers were not required, for no opposition was made to the landing. The only troops I saw near were some fifty or sixty Cossacks, who, however, kept at a respectful distance.

The steamers, in the mean time, kept up a fire of shells over the edge of the cliff, in case there might be any troops concealed there. A boat-load of marines were the next who reached the shore. The French had not been long on shore, before I saw them scrambling up the cliff, and directly after a fire broke out in a house at the top. It did not take long to land the English and French infantry; the artillery required more time. At two p.m., the former were all formed up on the beach, and some Chasseurs de Vincennes were pushed forward in advance.

While this was going on, the *Snake*, gunboat, set off in chase of vessels, which were seen leaving the bay of Kertch, some of whieh

she intercepted. In passing Cape Ak Bournou, she exchanged shots with the battery; and was twice struck.

In rear of Cape Ak Bournou, are a number of singular-looking mounds, or mamelons, which form an elevated ridge. While the *Stromboli* was at anchor, near Kamiesch Burun, disembarking troops, I could see Russians, evidently men in authority, riding about at the top of these mounds, looking at us; and as I considered, preparing a warm reception, both for the army and the steamers. It also appeared probable that they had a body of troops kept out of our sight. The batteries at Ak Bournou looked very threatening, and the prospect of having presently to engage them, at close range, or run the gauntlet within a short distance, was anything but cheering, at least to me, who had everything to lose, and nothing to gain.

At ten minutes past two, p.m., there was a great explosion in the battery; clouds of dust and smoke flew up into the air. The mounted Russians galloped about in a great fuss, and we all thought it was an accident, or that a

magazine had been blown up by a shot from the gun-boats. In ten minutes more, there was a second blow up. No one could make it out, as we expected a battle very shortly both by land and sea, and that the troops would have to storm the batteries in rear. At half-past two there was a third, and it was a tremendous explosion this time. The air was obscured for some minutes by the smoke and dirt which were thrown up. It was then pretty evident that the Russians were blowing up their batteries; and the knowledge of the fact relieved my mind considerably. When the smoke of the explosion cleared away, I could see smoke rising from behind the land, in the direction of Kertch.

At three o'clock, p.m., the look-out man at the mast-head reported that large bodies of troops, both infantry and cavalry, were moving down to attack us; but his fears had trebled their force, and the Russians, instead of attacking us, were marching in the direction of Arabat as fast as they could, lest we should cut off their retreat.

The Artillery and Land Transport were now

being landed as fast as possible, and the boats were towed backwards and forwards by small steamers, among which the *Danube* played a conspicuous part. Her commander, previously mentioned by me, appears to pass the greater part of his time on the bridge. The Turks were not landed until the last.

Several gun-boats had now moved up the straits, and were firing at the Fort of Yenikalé, and at a screw-steamer, which was standing out of Kertch Bay. The latter was reported by the look-out men to be full of vessels. Explosions were frequent. Our troops advanced and halted under the above-mentioned ridge of mounds, and that is the last I saw of them for the day. The *Stromboli* was still at anchor; her boats were away, landing troops and stores, and for us it was rather slow. The captain went off to ask permission to follow the gun-boats, and soon came back. It was all right; the recal for the boats was hoisted; 'up anchor' was the word, and the capstan went round merrily! It was a great piece of luck to get on.

At seven p.m. we got away. The gun-

boats were capturing prizes near Yenikalé, and we felt eager to join them. When abreast of the once-dreaded Ak Bournou, I could plainly see that the batteries were destroyed, and the guns upset and thrown about by the explosions. Had these batteries been defended in rear, they might have caused us heavy loss, as the channel lay close under the guns; and their being situated on a cliff gave them a great advantage.

The *Spitfire* had preceded us, and the channel had been buoyed down with cross-boards, to which small red flags were attached. At half-past seven we passed the Bay of Kertch. The Russians were then burning their ships, including two steamers. It was a great 'sell' for the sailors, who thereby lose their prize-money. When we passed Ak Bournou, the French soldiers had got into the batteries there. We went on slowly, sounding all the way. There was a leadsman perched on a grating rigged on the dolphin-striker, besides the two men in the chains. "Sixteen feet' was their usual cry, and there was nothing to spare; but the bottom was muddy, so it did

not much matter, and we just managed to scrape through. If the *Stromboli* had drawn another foot of water, I should never have got into the Sea of Azoff; for another steamer would have been sent on instead. It was supposed that large anchors and vessels, besides infernal machines, had been sunk in the channel, but we met with no impediments. Certainly they may have been washed away during the winter, and not yet replaced.

At eight p.m. we anchored not far from Yenikalé, and with an open view into Kertch Bay, and in full sight of the town, distant, perhaps, four miles. Hardly was the anchor down, when there was a tremendous explosion at Yenikalé—smoke, dirt, timber, and *débris*, went high into the air, assuming the shape of a large balloon. It was so long clearing away, that I thought Yenikalé itself was blown up. The town and church gradually re-appeared, and then I saw that the batteries only were destroyed. The Russians had blown up their magazines, and retreated—as they had done from Ak Bournou. The report was very loud, and the concussion shook the ship from stem

to stern. The advanced steamers all anchored near Yenikalé for the night—Captain Lyons, of the *Miranda*, being the senior officer.

After dark, the bay and town of Kertch were illuminated with ships and buildings burning, which had been set on fire by the Russian troops before they abandoned the place. I 'turned in' early in order that I might be up the first thing in the morning, as I was unwilling to miss seeing whatever might take place.

END OF VOL. I.

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ERRATA.

VOL. I.

Page 18.—Eleventh line from the bottom, for 'one,' read 'our.'

Page 22.—Sixth line from top, for 'by,' read 'for.'
Twelfth line, for 'since,' read 'before.'
Nineteenth line, for 'hung,' read 'hanged.'

Pages 59 and 60.—For '92nd Regiment,' read '93rd.'

VOL. II.

Page 34.—Fourth line from top, for 'ahead,' read 'astern.'

Page 122.—For 'sulphate of iron,' read 'sulphuret of iron.'

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